



# THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, February 4, 1901, by Frank Tousey.

No. 74.

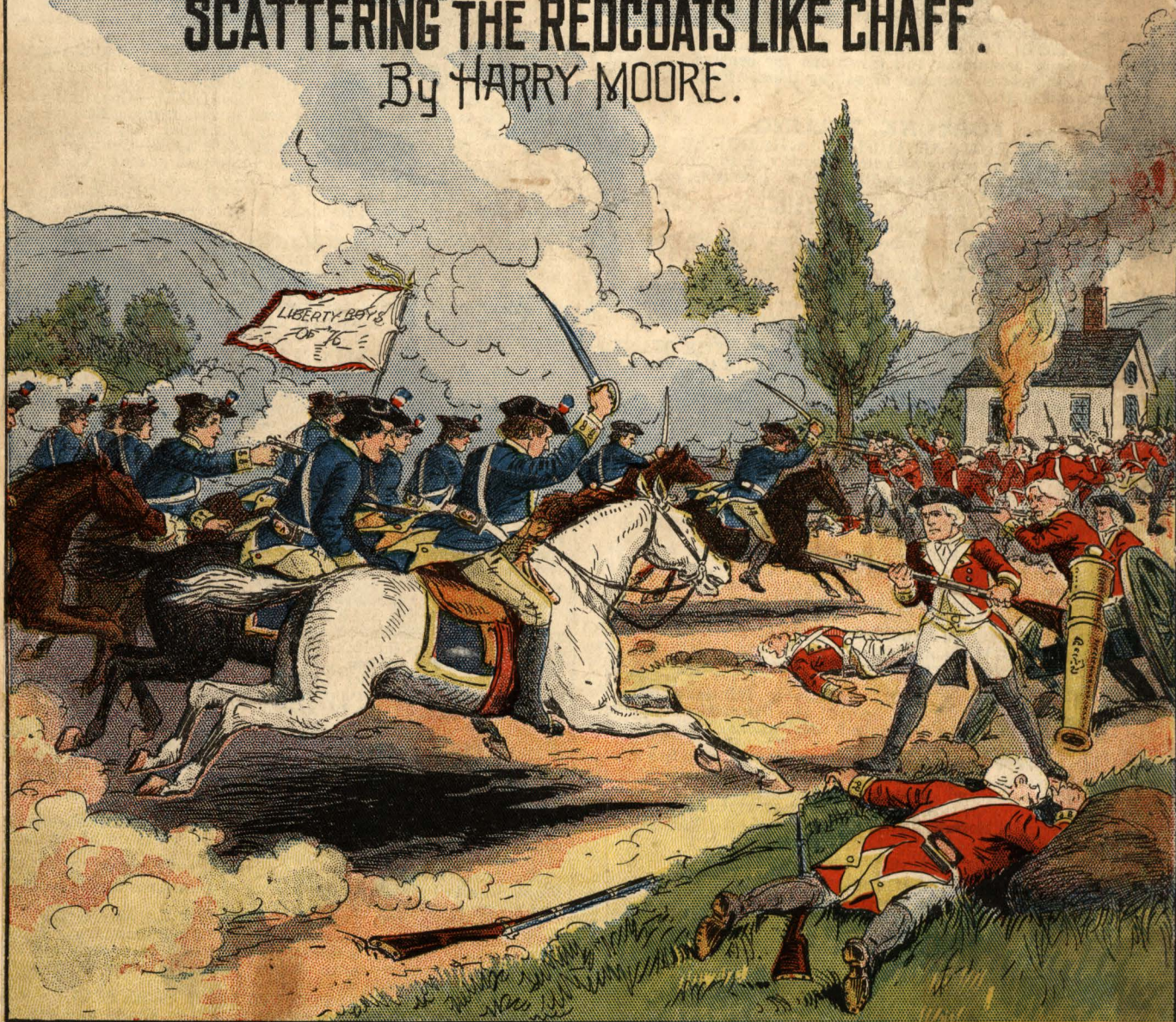
NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE LIBERTY BOYS' "SWOOP";

SCATTERING THE REDCOATS LIKE CHAFF.

By HARRY MOORE.



The "Liberty Boys" swooped down upon the redcoats with such fury that they were scattered like chaff before the wind. "Down with the king! Long live Liberty!" was the cry.



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N. Y.

### SPORTING.

- No. 21. **HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.
- No. 26. **HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.
- No. 47. **HOW TO BREAK, RIDE, AND DRIVE A HORSE.**—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.
- No. 48. **HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

- No. 1. **NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.**—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.
- No. 23. **HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.
- No. 28. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.**—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.
- No. 76. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

- No. 6. **HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.
- No. 10. **HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.
- No. 25. **HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.**—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. Handy and useful book.
- No. 34. **HOW TO FENCE.**—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.
- No. 61. **HOW TO BECOME A BOWLER.**—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

- No. 51. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations.
- No. 72. **HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.
- No. 77. **HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

- No. 2. **HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book as it will both amuse and instruct.
- No. 22. **HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.**—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.
- No. 43. **HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.**—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.
- No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.
- No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.
- No. 70. **HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.**—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.
- No. 73. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.
- No. 75. **HOW TO BECOME A CONJURER.**—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.
- No. 78. **HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.**—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

- No. 29. **HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains the all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published.
- No. 56. **HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.
- No. 57. **HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient and modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgers, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.
- No. 59. **HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.**—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen.
- No. 71. **HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.**—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

- No. 11. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both young and old.
- No. 12. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.**—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects also letters of introduction, notes and requests.
- No. 24. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.**—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects also giving sample letters for instruction.
- No. 53. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and every body you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.
- No. 74. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters.



# THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine Containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, February 4, 1901. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1902, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 74.

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

## CHAPTER I.

### AN ANGRY MAN.

One afternoon in early May, of the year 1781, a man was dancing excitedly about in the middle of the road in front of a farmhouse, about five miles south of Richmond, Virginia, on the road leading toward Petersburg. The man was evidently very angry and excited, and as he danced wildly about he kept exclaiming, over and over again:

"I wish the airth wuz er foot deep in powder an' my thumb-nail wuz er flint!"

As he gave utterance to this peculiar remark the man kept striking his thumb-nail with the end of the steel hilt of his knife, imitating the act of striking fire with flint and steel.

So excited and busily engaged was the man, his eyes the same time being turned toward the south, that he did not see a horseman approaching, or know of the man's presence until he spoke.

"Hello!" said the newcomer, reining up his horse and looking wonderingly and inquiringly at the man. "What's the trouble?"

An exclamation escaped the man and he whirled to take a look at the speaker. He saw a young man of perhaps twenty years—a bronzed-faced but handsome fellow, as one would wish to see. The man stared at the newcomer for a few moments in silence, and then said:

"Whut's ther trubble, ye ax? Waal, theer's trubble a plenty, an' thet's ther trooth. Oh, I wish my thumb-nail wuz a flint an' ther airth wuz a foot deep in powder! I'd blow ever'thing ter flinders, ez shore ez my name is Joe!"

Again the excited man struck his thumb-nail with the hilt of his knife handle, and this action was watched by a horseman, with an amused look.

"What has happened that you should wish to blow everything to flinders?" he asked.

"Whut's happened, ye ax?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I'll tell ye whut's happened: I've be'n robbed—plundered by er ban' uv theevin' rascals!"

"Is that so?"

"Yas, et is!"

"Who robbed you?"

"Ther redcoats, dod-rot 'em!"

"The redcoats, eh?"

"Yas."

"What did they take from you?"

"Whut did they take?"

"Yes."

"W'y, ever'thin' thet they c'u'd lay han's on."

"Horses?"

"Yas, two hosses, an' er cōw, an' three shoats, an' er lot uv hay, an' corn, an' oats, an' hams, an' shoulders. Oh, they wuzn't noways backward erbout whut they took. I guess they'd er took ther ole woman ef she hedn't run down in ther cellar an' hid!"

The youth smiled. He saw that the exciteable farmer was an original genius.

"That is too bad," he said; "the redcoats are committing a good many depredations in these parts, are they not?"

"Waal, I sh'd jes' say they air!"

"Where are their headquarters?"

"Ye mean whur do they stay?"

"Yes."

"Down ter Petersburg."

"How far away is that?"

"'Bout fifteen miles."

"And how far back to Richmond?"

"Five miles."

"Seems to me that the redcoats are a bit risky in venturing up so near to Richmond, doesn't it seem so to you?" the youth remarked.

"Humph! W'y sh'd et be risky?"

"Because it is so close to the patriot force under Lafayette."

"Humph! Whut duz thet traitor, Arnold, keer fur Lafayette?"

"Lafayette is a good commander, and a brave one. If



he was to get after some of the bands of redcoats who are foraging, burning and pillaging down here he would make them get away in a hurry."

"I wush't he'd do et, then, afore ther redcoats come back an' finish by cleanin' me out altogether an' then burnin' my house."

"Perhaps he will do so."

The farmer looked at the youth searchingly. "Air ye wun uv Lafayette's men?" he asked.

The young man nodded. "I am with his army at present," he replied, "though I work somewhat independently. I am out on a scouting expedition now."

"What's yer name?"

"Dick Slater."

The man started and gazed at the youth, searchingly. "D'ye mean ter say ez how ye air ther real, ginnywine Dick Slater, whut we hev heerd so much erbout?" he asked slowly.

"I am the only Dick Slater that I know anything about, or that I have ever heard of."

"Waal, wall! I'm mighty glad ter see ye, Dick Slater! I am, fur er fack; tho' I never 'xpeckted ter git ter see ye."

"Well, I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hanks, and——"

"Theer, theer! Don' 'mister' me, Dick, my boy. I'm jes' plain Joe Hanks."

"All right, Joe; but how long has it been since the redcoats were here?"

"'Bout fifteen minnets."

"They haven't got very far away as yet, then. How many of them were there, Joe?"

"'Bout er duzzen, I sh'd say."

"I wonder if they are likely to set fire to the houses of any of the patriots of the neighborhood?"

"I guess not, this trip, er they'd er set fire ter mine. I torked moughty rough ter 'em."

At this instant there came the sharp, whip-like crack of a rifle shot, and the bullet from the weapon knocked Dick's hat off. At the same instant a peal of wild, maniacal laughter came from the direction of the house, which stood fifty yards back from the road, and a girl was seen to dodge back around the corner of the building.

"Who was that?" exclaimed Dick, more in surprise than alarm.

"My darter, Sallie!" the man exclaimed, in accents of horror.

"Your daughter?" exclaimed Dick, interrogatively.

"Yas."

"Why did she shoot at me?"

"Because ye hain't got er red coat on."

Dick stared at the man in amazement; at first he thought the farmer might be joking, but saw that this was not the case. He was entirely serious.

"Because I have not a red coat, you say?"

"Yas; et's er sad story, Dick—er sad story!"

"Don't tell me if you don't wish to," said the youth.

"But I owe et ter ye ter tell ye, Dick. Didn't she j try ter kill ye? Ye see, et's this way: Erbout three mont ergo ther redcoats cum ter this part uv ther country as went ter robbin' an' pillagin', an' wun day they cum ter my house. Ther leader uv ther gang wuz er captin nam Glencoe. He saw Sallie, an' seemed ter take er noti ter her an' he wouldn't let ther redcoats take er thing of my place. He cum ter see Sallie, arter thet, er num uv times, an' ez he seemed ter be er nice, hones' sort er feller, we didn' object, though we'd a heap sight drut Sallie hed took er notion ter sum patriot boy uv ther nab hood. Waal, wun day, arter he hed be'n heer an' wuz his way back ter the British camp, he wuz shot down fr ther roadside. We never knowed fur shore who done t shootin', but whoever et wuz done er good job, fur t captin never knowed whut hurt 'im. Ther shock kin upset Sallie, an' she's be'n—waa, queer ever sence, she tries ter shoot ev'ry man ez comes erlong ef he d happen ter be w'arin' er red coat. Strange, hain't et? guess she thinks ev'ry feller ez hezn't got er red coat is ther feller whut killed ther captin, an' she is try fur ter git revenge."

"That is sad!" said Dick. "It is indeed too bad. En perhaps she will come back into her right mind sooner later."

"I hope so, but I'm erfraid she won't. I orter er thre erbout Sallie, though; she mought er killed ye."

"Oh, that's all right," said Dick; "a miss is as ger as a mile."

Dick leaped to the ground, and picking up his hat it on.

"Won't ye come up ter ther house an' stay fur suppe the man invited. "Ther ole woman'll be glad ter hev

"I'll go up to the house for a little while, anyway," youth replied. The truth was, he had a curiosity to the girl who had had such a sad experience and who a penchant for shooting every man who came along, if man did not wear a red coat.

"Ye needn't be afeerd uv Sallie shootin' erg'in," Hanks said. "She never shoots but onct, an' et seems startle her ter sech an extent thet she is almos' ez san



er fur erwhile. Ye'll fin' her pale an' 'tremblin', an' elin' turrible bad when yet git ter ther house."

Mr. Hanks wanted to take the horse to the stable, but ick would not let him. "I may go on, right away," he id; "if I should decide to stay for supper then we can me out and take the horse back to the stable."

Dick tied his horse and the two made their way to the ouse and entered. Dick caught sight of the girl; she as in the kitchen and he could see her through the con- eting doorway. No one else was visible, and Mr. Hanks id, with a grin: "Betsy's down in ther cellar. I'll hev out in er jiffy." Then he raised his voice and called t:

"Betsy! Hey, Betsy! Come upsta'rs now. Ther coast el'ar. Ther redcoats hev all gone."

"All right, I'm comin', Joe!" and then footsteps were ard on the stairs leading up from the cellar. The next oment the door opened and a buxom, good-looking woman tered the room. She looked at Dick, curiously, and at r husband, inquiringly.

"This is Dick Slater, Betsy, ther young patriot thet we've erd so much erbout, ye know—ther captin'g uv ther erty Boys.' Dick, this is Betsy, my wife."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Hanks," id Dick, bowing politely; but the good woman took the uth's hand and shook it, while she said, heartily:

"I'm glad ter know ye, Dick Slater! I've heerd er good al erbout ye, an' I'm glad ter hev et ter say thet I hev en an' shook han's with ye."

"Thank you," said Dick, blushing through the bronze. "I'm afraid that you have heard tales regarding me that ere not justified by the facts in the case."

"No, I don' beleave thet," said Mr. Hanks. "We've geerd er lot erbout ye, an' I'm shore thet all we've heerd so."

"Yes, I'm shore uv et, too," said Mrs. Hanks. And en she started and turned pale as she noted the hole in ick's hat. She indicated it, and looking inquiringly at r husband, said:

"Sallie?"

The man nodded, a sober look coming over his face. "Et az er clost call," he said.

"Goodness, yes!" the woman said, with a shudder. "An- her inch lower an' et'd er killed ye!"

"But it didn't go an inch lower," laughed Dick, "and it isn't a matter that is worth while talking about at all. y no more about it."

"Oh, but it'd er be'n turrible ef our Sallie hed killed Dick Slater!" the man said.

"Hev ye tole 'im erbout—erbout—her?" noddin' to- ward the kitchen.

"Yas, Betsy, I tole 'im, right erway, ez I knowed et wuz his right ter know w'en he hed jes' hed er narrer escape frum death at the han's uv our darter."

"Thet wuz right—an', oh, Mr. Slater, I hope ye don't feel hard toward Sallie fur whut she done!"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Hanks. Indeed, I feel very, very sorry for your daughter, and for you, her parents. I hope, though, and believe that sooner or later she will regain her former sane condition of mind."

"Oh, if I could only think so!" the woman cried. "But I'm afraid that such will not be the case."

"Wait and hope for the best, Mrs. Hanks."

"I'll do thet, uv course, but I'm afraid et won't do no good."

At this moment the girl appeared in the open doorway and Dick got a good look at her. He was compelled to acknowledge to himself that Sallie Hanks was as beau- tiful as any girl he had ever seen—or that she had been before the trouble came upon her. Now there was such a sad look on her face and a peculiar, wild look in her eyes that detracted somewhat from her beauty. She was looking at Dick, and he thought he saw a more sane look gradually appearing in the girl's eyes. He stepped forward and held out his hand.

"Sallie, I am glad to make your acquaintance," he said, in a soft, gentle voice, and then he met with a surprise, for with a cry of commingled joy and distress she threw her- self in his arms.

"Oh, I am so sorry I—I—shot at you!" she cried. "For- give me, will you not, for I—I—didn't know what I was doing. You will forgive me, won't you?" and she looked up into the youth's face in a pleading manner.

"There is nothing to forgive, Miss Sallie," said Dick, gently; and then he was released by the maiden, who seem- ed to suddenly realize her position.

"I—I—am afraid you will think me unmaidenly," she said, a sadder look than before coming over her face.

"Not at all, Miss Sallie."

Just then a cry of fear and excitement escaped the lips of Mrs. Hanks.

"There is another band of redcoats!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I wonder what more they are going to do?"

## CHAPTER II.

### SALLIE GETS DICK INTO TROUBLE.

Dick whirled and looked out through the open doorway. Mrs. Hanks had spoken truly; there was a band of red-



coats out in the road in front of the house. There were twenty of them, at least, and they had already dismounted and were coming toward the house.

Dick hardly knew what to do. He realized that if he were to flee, while he might be able to escape, he would lose his horse, and as he thought a great deal of the animal he did not wish this to happen. He turned the matter over in his mind, quickly, and decided that he would stay where he was; that he would stand his ground and trust to luck to enable him to get through in safety.

"Et's too bad ye didn't let me put yer hoss in ther stable," said Mr. Hanks, in a low tone. "If I hed done thet they wouldn't hev knowed ennybudy bersides my own family wuz heer; now they know yer heer an' ye kain't git erway."

"Perhaps it will come out all right," replied Dick.

Just then the redcoats appeared on the porch and the leader stopped in the doorway and looked around at the persons within the room.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said.

"How're ye?" remarked Mr. Hanks, in a rather crusty voice.

Dick said nothing, and Mrs. Hanks and Sallie were silent as well.

The redcoat leader, who wore the uniform of a captain, saw that Dick did not speak and he glared at the youth, fiercely.

"Can't you be civil?" he asked, angrily. "I said 'good afternoon.'"

"I know it," said Dick, calmly.

"Why didn't you reply to the salutation?"

"This gentleman," indicating Mr. Hanks, "spoke to you for all of us."

"Oh, he did?"

"Yes."

"Well, that isn't satisfactory."

"It isn't?"

"No; I like to see a man speak for himself."

"Do you?"

"Yes," frowning; "and while I will excuse the ladies, you must say, 'good afternoon.'"

"All right, sir; since you insist: Good afternoon."

There was a peculiar sarcastic intonation to Dick's voice that was not lost upon the captain, and he glared angrily.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked. "You don't live here."

Dick shook his head. "No; I'm a traveler," he said.

"Where are you traveling to?"

"I am traveling southward."

"What is your objective point?"

"You mean where am I going?"

"Yes," with a frown.

"Oh, nowhere in particular."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I am just traveling around for my health."

"Humph!" grunted the captain. "You don't look if you were unhealthy."

"Looks are oftentimes deceiving, you know."

"Yes, I know that. What did you say your name is?"

"I didn't say."

"Well, say it now."

Before Dick could reply and give a fictitious name, Sallie suddenly cried out, in a shrill voice, vibrating with excitement: "His name is Dick Slater! I heard him say so. He is the famous patriot scout and spy!"

"Sallie! Sallie!" cried both Mr. and Mrs. Hanks, warningly, but it did not good. The words were out; the matter was done.

Sallie was again under one of her spells; it was plain to the sight of the red coats of the British that had upbraided her, and Dick did not for a moment feel anger toward the poor girl. She did not realize what she was doing. He made up his mind that he would try to wriggle out of the hole in which the girl had placed him, however, and he laughed in the most careless manner imaginable.

"Your daughter still persists in calling me Dick Slater, I see," he said to Mr. Hanks; then to the captain he went on: "This young lady is, sad to say, mentally unbalanced as you can see for yourself, and when I first came she insisted that I was Dick Slater. I suppose she has heard some stories regarding that individual and imagines that every stranger that comes along is he. At any rate, that was the way of it when I came, and I trust you will not be so foolish as to give me credit for being the dare-devil rebel in question. My name is Tom Sargent."

The captain looked at Dick, searchingly. Then he looked at the girl in the same manner. It was plain to be seen that the girl was not just right, mentally. The wild light in her eyes and her flushed cheeks and generally excited air were enough to show this. Still the captain was puzzled somewhat.

"She says she heard you tell her father that your name is Dick Slater," he said, looking accusingly at the youth.

"All her imagination, I assure you. Am I not right, Mr. Hanks?" turning to the girl's father.

"Uv course; sartin," was the prompt reply. "Ther's no don' know whut she's torkin' erbout, cap'n."



"But I do, captain!" the girl cried. "I heard him tell father that his name is Dick Slater!"

"Sallie! Sallie!" protested Mrs. Hanks. "You must not say such things. You will get the gentleman into trouble."

"That's what I want to do!" wildly. "Isn't he a rebel? And don't I hate the rebels? Didn't rebels kill my loved one? Yes, yes, yes! They did—and I hate them! I hate them! I hate all rebels!"

"Ye mus' keep still, Sallie!" cried her father. "She don' know whut she is sayin', cap'n, an' ye mustn't mind whut she sez. Sartin et is thet et won't do ter act on ennythin' she sez, fur ye'd be doin' er wrong ter ther young man heer."

The captain was evidently somewhat puzzled by the conflicting statements of the girl and her parents and the young man. He eyed the girl curiously, with a look in which pity and admiration were about equally commingled. "How long has she been this way?" he asked presently.

"Sence Cap'n Glencoe wuz shot an' killed," replied Mr. Hanks. "I guess ye know when thet wuz."

"Yes," the officer replied; and then a look of understanding came over his face. "Ah, I know now!" he exclaimed. "This young lady is the American girl who was the captain's sweetheart. Am I not right?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the girl, wildly. "Captain Glencoe was my sweetheart, and we were to have been married; but they murdered him—yes, they murdered him, and I hate them! I hate them!"

"Come with me, Sallie," said her mother, coaxingly; "come to your room. You are exciting yourself too much here."

"No, no!" wildly. "I'm not going to my room. I'm going to stay here till I see this rebel punished!" pointing to Dick. "I tried to kill him," she said, addressing the officer; "I tried to kill him when he first came. I shot at him and put a bullet through his hat—but I didn't aim low enough and he escaped. But I'll aim right, next time—yes, I'll aim right, next time!" and she laughed wildly.

The captain looked at Dick and Mr. Hanks, inquiringly, and they nodded, while the latter said: "Thet part is true enuff. She did shoot at ther young man when he rode up. She thinks ev'ry man ez don't w'ar er red coat is er rebel an' an enemy, an' she hez shot at several uv ther nabor men and at one er two strangers passin' by."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the captain; "this is rather a strange and interesting affair, I must say. She is a true friend to the British, isn't she?"

"She sartinly is. An' thet's on account uv Cap'n Glencoe, ye know."

"Yes, I know." Then the captain turned his attention to Dick. "I have been thinking over your case," he said, slowly, "and I have made up my mind that the proper thing for me to do is to take you down to Petersburg and let General Arnold pass on your case."

"Oh, but you mustn't think of doing that," said Dick.

"Why not?"

"For the reason that it will cause you a lot of trouble for no profit. I am only a traveler, and the best thing you can do is to let me go my way in peace."

"No, I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"For the reason that there is a possibility that what the girl says is the truth, and that you really are Dick Slater."

"He is Dick Slater, just as I have said!" the girl said, quickly.

"Sallie! Sallie! Hush, girl! You are wronging the gentleman, an'll get 'im inter trubble ef ye keep on torkin'," said Mrs. Hanks.

"You will be making a big mistake in taking me," said Dick.

"I'll risk it."

"You will find that you have been mistaken, and that I am not Dick Slater."

"Well, that will be for General Arnold to decide."

"And you are determined to take me?"

"I am."

"Well, you'll first have to catch me!" As Dick uttered the words he whirled and leaped through the open doorway into the kitchen. To dash across the kitchen and out at the back door was the work of only an instant; and so quickly had the manœuvre been performed that the redcoats were unable to lift a hand to stop the fugitive. Not one had a weapon out, and so no shot was fired.

The captain suddenly recovered from his surprise, however. "After him, men!" he cried. "Don't let him get away! I believe he is Dick Slater, after all, just as this girl said!"

The captain dashed through the house and out at the back door just as Dick had done, but the men rushed around the house. They were just in time to see the fugitive disappearing around the corner of the stable, and with wild yells they dashed in pursuit.

The stable was about halfway from the house to the edge of the timber, and by the time the redcoats had rounded the stable Dick was at the timber. He could have been in the timber and out of sight, for he was a



very swift runner, but he wanted to draw the redcoats as far away from the house as possible. By so doing he hoped and expected to be able to make a half circuit and get back and mount his horse and get away in safety.

Of course, the redcoats did not know what Dick was thinking, and they supposed he was running his best; when they caught sight of him, therefore, and saw that he had not gained on them—had lost a little ground, in fact—they set up a yell of triumph and dashed forward.

"We'll get him!" the captain cried. "Spread out, fellows. We'll run him down in a few minutes."

"Yes, you will—over the left!" thought Dick, with a smile.

He entered the timber and ran onward at about the same pace he had been going, and was lost to the sight of the pursuers, but was very careful to make noise enough so that the redcoats could keep track of him. This was easily accomplished by crashing through the underbrush.

The redcoats, confident that they would soon catch the fugitive, kept up the pursuit, and were more than a third of a mile away from the house almost before they knew it. Dick thought this far enough for his purpose, and he suddenly began running cautiously so as to make no noise. He ran faster than before, but his woodcraft made it possible for him to get along without making any noise that could have been heard ten yards. He began making a half circuit, and by the time the redcoats had noted the fact that the fugitive was not making any noise, as he had been doing, the youth was fifty yards away, to the left of the redcoats, and headed back toward the house.

"He has stopped!" Dick heard one of the redcoats say.

"That's right," from another; "I don't hear him running."

"He has become exhausted and has hidden somewhere."

"Probably he has climbed a tree."

"He may have fallen down and knocked himself senseless by striking his head against a tree."

Such were only a few of the remarks and exclamations made by the redcoats, and Dick smiled and murmured: "What a wise lot of fellows they are!"

"Spread out and search for him!" cried the captain. "He can't escape us. Look closely, as he may be up in a tree, or in a hollow log. Look everywhere."

"Yes, look everywhere—and much good may it do you!" said Dick to himself. "And while you are looking I will hasten back, mount and away."

He darted away and ran at top speed back toward the house. It did not take him long to reach the house, and

Mr. and Mrs. Hanks were delighted to see him back in safety.

"I dodged them in the timber," explained Dick; "and while they are searching for me, I will mount my horse and ride onward. Good-by. I may see you again."

Both shook hands with him and said good-by, and Mrs. Hanks said, in a low tone and with a nod toward Sallie, who stood looking at Dick with a puzzled and troubled expression on her face: "I hope ye won't—won't feel hard at our Sallie fur whut she done, Mr. Slater?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Hanks," said Dick, heartily; "no, indeed! I feel sorry for her, but angry at her—never!"

"Good-by, Sallie," said Dick as he started toward the road.

"Good-by," was the reply, the light of reason suddenly appearing in the girl's eyes; "I'm sorry that I shot at you, Mr. Slater."

"That is all right, Miss Sallie," said Dick. Then he hastened to the road, untied his horse and leaped into the saddle. As he did so a wild yell was heard—a chorus of yells, in fact, and looking in the direction from which the yelling came, Dick saw the entire party of redcoats coming as fast as they could run.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE "INVISIBLE BAND."

"Well, well! They got through looking for me, back in the timber, quicker than I thought they would," thought Dick; "I'm not out of the woods, so to speak, yet. Still, I would be willing to wager there isn't a horse among all those back there that can hold a candle to mine. They won't be able to catch me, even if they do give chase."

That the redcoats were going to pursue the fugitive was evident, for they did not stop at the house at all but ransacked around it and to the road, where they had left their horses. Mounting in hot haste they set out in pursuit and urged their horses to their best speed.

Dick had at least a quarter of a mile the start of the redcoats, and he felt that he could increase this almost at pleasure, so did not feel uneasy; still, there was the possibility that he might meet another party of redcoats and he would have to have his eyes open and his wits about him.

Just as Dick was thinking thus he rounded a bend in the road and came in sight of a party of horsemen. The



first thought was that the newcomers were British dragoons, but in an instant he dismissed the thought for the members of the party had no uniforms on. They were dressed in ordinary citizen's clothing, and looked like young farmers of the neighborhood.

Dick hoped that they were such, and that they were patriots, as then they might be able to strike the men who were pursuing him a blow that they would remember a while.

The party slowed the horses to a walk as Dick drew near, and seemed to be puzzled whether to stop the youth or not. As Dick came near them he called out: "A party of redcoats are chasing me. If you are patriots we'll give them a fight."

"We are patriots, all right!" cried a handsome young fellow, who seemed to be the leader.

"Then turn aside into the edge of the timber and we will give the redcoats a reception such as they are not looking for!"

As Dick said this he set the example, and in a few seconds the youths were all hidden from sight in the underbrush along the edge of the timber.

"Get ready!" called out Dick, as the sound of galloping horses was heard close at hand. "Take aim and fire when I give the word!"

The youths—of whom there were at least twenty—all had rifles, and they obeyed Dick without a word. They seemed to realize instinctively that he was one who was accustomed to giving commands.

The redcoats were now almost opposite where the youths were concealed, and they were bringing their horses to a stop as fast as they could, for they knew that the fugitive must have taken to the timber near the spot.

Fearing that if he waited till the redcoats got fully stopped his young friends might become nervous, Dick did not wait and suddenly gave the command to fire.

Instantly the roar of the volley rang out and considerable execution was done. Four of the redcoats fell from their horses, while two or three more reeled as if hit by bullets. They had been taken wholly by surprise, and wild yells and curses went up from them.

"An ambush! An ambush!" was the cry, and the redcoats put spurs and whip to their horses and dashed away down the road at top speed.

The youths were delighted and gave utterance to a wild cheer of triumph. They wanted to mount and give pursuit, but Dick told them not to do so.

"I take it that you boys have just banded yourselves

together, and that this is perhaps the first encounter you have had with the redcoats," he said; "is it not so?"

"Yes," replied the youth who seemed to be looked upon as leader, "that is the truth of the matter."

"And I suppose the object of your banding together is to protect the homes of the patriots of this neighborhood from the pillaging and plundering of the redcoats?"

"Yes, that is the object."

"How many of you are there?"

"Just twenty."

"Exactly," said Dick; "your number is so small that it will be more to your interest to not show yourselves to the redcoats, if you can manage it that way. So long as they don't know how many there are of you they will be puzzled and a bit afraid; but if they knew there were but the twenty, they would speedily hunt you down and scatter you or kill and capture the majority."

"That's so; I never thought of that. You mean for us to work secretly and keep our number unknown to the redcoats."

"Yes; throw as much mystery as possible around yourselves and that will tend to make the redcoats fear you. People always fear what they do not understand, and they will give you credit for having more men than you have, if you keep back out of sight."

"I guess you are right, and we will act on your suggestion. Do you mind telling us who you are?"

"My name is Slater—Dick Slater."

"What! Not the captain of the 'Liberty Boys'?"

Dick nodded. "Yes, I am the captain of the 'Liberty Boys.'"

"Shake hands!" said the youth. "I am proud to make your acquaintance, Dick Slater!"

"And I am glad to make the acquaintance of you boys. What is your name?"

"Fred Ferris."

"Fred Ferris, eh?"

"Yes; and I got up this little band with the intention of doing a good deal, as I have heard that you and your 'Liberty Boys' do—strike the redcoats hard and unexpected blows, and then get away before they can strike back at us."

"That's a good plan, Fred; and with the redcoats at Petersburg sending out foraging and pillaging parties, I think you will have enough to do."

"Too much, perhaps; however, we'll do the best we can."

"And by working from under cover you will be able to do a great deal more than you otherwise could."



"I guess you are right. That is what we will do. But where are your 'Liberty Boys,' Dick?"

"They are up at Richmond."

"With Lafayette's force?"

"Yes."

"And you are down here all alone?"

"Yes; I came down on a scouting expedition."

"I see."

"I wished to learn all I could about the British, you know."

"Yes."

"I stopped back here at the home of Mr. Hanks, and while I was there this band of redcoats came and were going to make a prisoner of me and take me to Petersburg."

"I see; but they didn't do it."

"No; I got out of the house and led them a merry chase into the timber; when I had got them far enough away from the house I made a half circuit and got back to the house, mounted my horse and was riding away by the time they discovered the trick I had played and got back. They jumped on their horses and gave chase, but they could not have caught me as I have a very fast horse. When I saw you boys, however, the thought struck me that you might be patriots, and I made up my mind that if such was the case we would make the redcoats do all the running—which we did."

"Yes," with a smile. "I wonder if they're running yet?"

Dick shook his head. "No, they've stopped long before now," he replied; "they'll be back in a few minutes."

Fred started and looked surprised. "You don't really think they will dare come back and try to fight us, do you?" he asked.

Dick smiled. "No, they won't come back for the purpose of offering battle."

"What for, then?"

"To look after their dead and wounded."

"Ah, I see."

"They will come bearing a flag of truce."

"Of course; I never thought of that."

Dick stepped to the edge of the timber and looked down the road. "They're coming," he said.

"Very well; you do the talking, Dick."

"All right."

The entire party was returning up the road, but when it was a hundred yards distant all stopped save the captain, who rode forward, waving a white handkerchief.

Dick stepped out from among the trees and confronted the captain. "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"We have come to ask the privilege of being allowed

to bury our dead and remove our wounded," replied the captain.

"Very well, captain; in the name of the Invisible Band, which struck you the blow, I grant you permission."

"And we won't be fired upon?" the captain asked, with an anxious glance toward the timber at the roadside.

"You don't suppose they would fire on a flag of truce, do you?" asked Dick.

"Well, I didn't know whether or not the Invisible Band, as you call it, knows anything of the rules which govern civilized warfare."

"Oh, yes; the members of the Invisible Band know all about the rules governing civilized warfare. You could not teach them anything they do not already know."

"Who are they, in the name of all that is wonderful?" the captain cried.

Dick smiled and shook his head. "That would be telling," he said; "as they prefer to remain invisible, so do they wish their identity unknown. Suffice it to say that they intend to keep a close watch over all the country road about, and you redcoats will do well to stop pillaging, plundering and burning."

"I am too old a hand to be scared by talk," said the captain, with an assumption of scorn.

"Does this look like 'talk'?" asked Dick, waving his hand toward the dead and wounded redcoats.

"No, but—you took us unawares, and by surprise."

"And that is just what the Invisible Band will do again and again."

"Oh, that's the programme, is it?"

"Yes; they will strike you when you least expect it."

"Humph!" Then an exclamation escaped the captain.

"I know who the Invisible Band is made up of. They are the 'Liberty Boys'—and you are Dick Slater, just as the girl back at the house, yonder, said."

Dick was a quick thinker, and he instantly decided not to disabuse the captain's mind of this idea. The "Liberty Boys" had such a wonderful reputation that it would be of considerable effect on the redcoats to think that the Invisible Band was in reality the company of "Liberty Boys." It would make the redcoats be very careful, and they would behave themselves much better than they would if they thought the Invisible Band was made up of youths of the neighborhood. So when the captain said that he knew the Invisible Band was made up of the "Liberty Boys," Dick did not deny it, but smiled and said quietly:

"Of course, if you know, there is no use trying to tell you differently."



"Not a bit! Not a bit of use! I know it, and that is all there is to it; but I will tell you this, Dick Slater, that if you think you can come away down here into Virginia and carry things with a high hand, with one hundred men, no matter how great dare-devils and fire-eaters they are, you will find that you are mistaken. You will soon wish that you had stayed back in the North and had not ventured down here."

"Come, come! don't try to frighten me, captain!" said Dick, smilingly. "Don't waste time talking, when there are wounded comrades who are needing your attention."

"Well, that is sensible, at any rate." Then the captain motioned for his men to approach, which they did, though they cast sidelong, suspicious glances toward the timber as if more than half expecting to be fired upon.

"Tell your men they need not have any fears, captain," said Dick.

"You needn't fear being fired upon, boys," said the British captain; "this is Dick Slater, and the men who ambushed us are the 'Liberty Boys,' and whatever they say they will do, they will do."

This was not saying that the youths hidden in the edge of the timber were the "Liberty Boys," but the British officer took it that way and Dick was more than willing that he should. The prestige of the "Liberty Boys" would be of great value to Fred Ferris' Invisible Band.

The redcoats went to work, and while some attended to the wounded men the others made an excavation with their sword blades in the soft earth at the farther side of the road and buried the dead. The wounded were then placed in hammock ambulances, made by fastening blankets between two horses, and the party set out, slowly, in the direction of Petersburg.

"Remember what I have told you," said Dick to the captain, who was the last to leave! "stop plundering, pillaging and burning the patriot homes in this vicinity or it will be the worse for you."

"And you remember what I tell you, Dick Slater. Get out of this part of the country just as quick as you can; for if you stay, you and your 'Liberty Boys' will be wiped off the face of the earth!"

"We'll risk that part of it," said Dick, smiling.

"Oh, I suppose you think that you and your 'Liberty Boys' can whip the entire British army!" sneered the captain.

"Oh, no," with another irritating smile; "but we do think we can make it very interesting for small parties of a hundred or so redcoats if they are so unwise as to come prowling around in this neighborhood."

"Bah! We will meet again, Dick Slater, and then—beware!" and with this the captain put spurs to his horse and rode after his party, now a quarter of a mile away.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FRED FERRIS' STORY.

Dick rejoined his new friends and said, smilingly: "Well, Fred, you and your comrades are thought by the redcoats to be Dick Slater and the 'Liberty Boys.'"

"So I understood from what I heard pass between you and the British captain," replied Fred.

"I let him think so," went on Dick, "because of the fact that it would give you considerable prestige and would make the redcoats more careful with regard to what they do."

"Yes; but you have set us a hard task in trying to uphold the reputation which the 'Liberty Boys' have made, Dick."

"Oh, I don't know, Fred. All you have to do is to be very careful and not let the redcoats catch you in the open or at a disadvantage. Keep out of sight; this you ought to be able to do, as you know the country around here like a book while the redcoats do not. You are skilled in woodcraft also and that is something they know nothing about."

"That is true; well, perhaps we may be able to do credit to the name and fame which the redcoats have ascribed to us."

"I am sure you will be able to do so."

"If we were to have you with us all the time we would be all right," said Fred; "but we don't know much about war."

"You'll soon learn."

"I suppose so."

"Yes; just go slow and be careful. Keep out of sight so as to live up to the name, which I gave you, of the Invisible Band. Strike light blows wherever you get a chance and get away before the enemy can get back at you."

"We will do our best to follow out your instructions; but where are you going, Dick?"

"I am going still farther south."

"Toward Petersburg?"

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"Certainly."



"I should think that would be very dangerous."

"No; not so dangerous as it would be if all you boys were to go along. I can dodge out of the way quickly, you see, where if there were a lot of us we could not do it."

"That's so; well, if we ever get the chance we will be glad to render you any assistance that is within our power to give."

"I am sure of that, Fred; but I hope that it will be a good while before I will need any assistance."

Dick was about to bid the youths good-by and mount his horse and ride away when Fred called him to one side. "I wish to tell you something Dick," he said; "I have wanted to tell some one for quite a while, but I didn't have any one at hand to whom I would care to speak."

"What is it, Fred?" asked Dick.

"You stopped at Mr. Hanks' house, I believe I heard you say?" the youth asked.

Dick nodded. "Yes," he said.

"I suppose you saw—Sallie?" Fred hesitated and looked somewhat confused, and Dick, who was a good reader of faces and quite shrewd, anyway, thought he had made a discovery. Fred was in love with Sallie. His tone told this as plain as could be.

"Yes, I saw Sallie."

"And was she—did she seem to be—did she appear strange in any way?"

"Yes, indeed, Fred," replied Dick; "she shot at me and put this bullet hole through my hat," doffing the hat and pointing to the hole, "and her parents then told me her sad story, as they seemed to think some explanation of her strange and unusual action was due me."

Fred's face grew sad. "I should think such an action on the part of a girl would need to be explained," he said. "Then they told you—about Captain Glencoe, and how he was killed and all?"

"Yes."

"But they didn't know who killed him, of course."

This was stated more as a fact than as a question, and Dick simply nodded assent to the statement.

Fred looked straight into Dick's eyes for a few moments, and then said: "Could you give a guess regarding the identity of the person who killed Captain Glencoe?"

Dick eyed the frank, handsome face of the youth before him for a few moments in silence, and then said: "If the captain had fallen in a fair and open encounter with some one, I could give a guess regarding his identity; but if he was assassinated, shot down without having been given a chance to defend himself, then I could not venture a guess."

"Oh, he was not assassinated!" cried Fred, quickly. "He was given a chance—all the chance in the world and more than he deserved."

Dick nodded his head and smiled. "I thought so. You did it, Fred! Now go ahead and tell me all about it, for I confess I am interested. Mr. and Mrs. Hanks seemed to be of the opinion that Captain Glencoe was a gentleman and a true, honorable man; but you have hinted otherwise."

"There was nothing honorable about him, Dick!" cried Fred. "He was a deep-dyed scoundrel, and he was planning to ruin the life of that pure, sweet girl!"

"Go on; tell me all about it," said Dick.

"I'll tell you the truth, and nothing but the truth, Dick. I loved Sallie—I love her yet—and had been going with her for a year, at least, and she seemed to think a good deal of me; and then that British captain put in an appearance. He was handsome, dashing, and wore a brilliant uniform—was an officer in the army, while I was only a farmer's boy, and he could talk. Oh, he could talk about anything and everything, and he praised and flattered Sallie till he had her completely dazzled. Then one evening when I went there to see Sallie she told me she was engaged to Captain Glencoe, and that I need not come to see her again."

Fred paused and drew a long breath. "I needn't tell you, Dick, that it came pretty near knocking me out; but I straightened up as best I could and told Sallie I hoped she would be happy, and then I said good-by and went away. As I was going home I thought the matter all over. If Captain Glencoe was honest and sincere, I said to myself that it was all right and I would not say a word, as I wanted Sallie to be happy, but somehow I had got that idea into my head that the officer was not honest and sincere, and I made up my mind that I would watch him like a hawk. I did it, too. I knew what evenings he visited Sallie, and I used to lay in wait for him and watch him as he went and as he came. I think it was the evening of the third visit after Sallie told me they were engaged, that as the captain was coming away from Mr. Hanks' place he met another officer, who was bound for the home of another girl—the sister of one of the boys in my band here. Her name is Sadie Parks. The two officers stopped as luck would have it, right opposite where I was concealed, and as they did not suspect that there was any one within hearing distance they talked freely. They told each other about the girls, and then each coolly stated that he was going to deceive the girl with a false marriage—that a comrade had promised to impersonate a minister



Again Fred paused and drew a long breath, while his eyes shone with a fierce light. "I tell you, Dick, when I heard those two scoundrels talking the affair over so calmly and cold-bloodedly my own blood fairly boiled. I registered a vow that I would kill Captain Glencoe or die trying, and that I would assist Joe Parks to settle with the officer who was planning to ruin the life of his sister. I had heard all that it was necessary for me to know, and I stole away; and by running I got to a bend in the road nearly a half mile distant, before the captain came along. I leaped out in the road, seized the horse by the bit, and with a leveled pistol forced the captain to get down. He was surprised and angry, of course, and spluttered and threatened, but I made him shut up, after which I told him that I had overheard the conversation between him and the other officer. I told him that he deserved to be shot dead, without having any chance at all for his life, but that I could not bring myself to do such a thing. I told him he could have a chance; that he might draw his pistol, that we would stand, back to back, would advance five paces and then whirl and fire. He agreed, drew his pistol, we placed our backs together and then stepped away from each other as I counted 'one, two,' and so forth."

Dick shook his head and looked sober. "I would never have trusted him under the circumstances," he said. "It is a wonder he didn't whirl and shoot you in the back."

Fred smiled. "He did try to," the youth said, quietly; "I didn't trust him, and I kept my head turned so that I could watch him, and just as I said 'three,' he whirled and fired. He fired so quickly that I don't think he would have hit me, anyway, but I wasn't willing to take the chances and dropped to the ground. The bullet whistled along, three or four feet above me, and without getting up I took quick aim and fired. He had forfeited his life and I felt that I had a right to take it."

"Certainly you did!" agreed Dick. "In fact, I think you would have been justified, everything considered, in shooting him dead, in the first place, without giving him any chance. He deserved death, if ever a man did, and if you had fallen he would have been free to put his plan through to a successful issue; however, as it turned out, it was better and you will always feel better to know that you gave him an even chance for his life."

"Yes; I don't regret that I killed him, and never shall. My aim was good; he fell, with a bullet through his heart, and I let him lie where he had fallen. He was found there next day, by one of the farmers of the vicinity, and a great hue and cry was raised of how he had been murdered. And then came the worst of all. Sallie took on at a terrible

rate, and became temporarily insane. I had not thought that she cared so much for him, but even so I think it is better to have her as she is, a good, pure and innocent girl, even though her mind is partly unhinged, than that the scoundrel should have been left alive to ruin her life totally—don't you think so, Dick?"

The youth looked at Dick eagerly and somewhat anxiously. It was evident that he suffered greatly because of the fact that he knew that he had caused the girl to become partly insane; yet he felt that he was justified in what he had done, and more than justified. Still, Dick saw that a word of approval from him would be appreciated, and he decided to give it. He took the youth's hand and pressed it warmly. "Fred," he said, "you are a boy after my own heart. You are a hero, true-hearted and noble, and I believe that in time you will have your reward."

"What do you mean, Dick?" eagerly.

"Why, I mean that I believe that in a few months Sallie will become rational as ever, and that then you will be able to again take your place in her regards. I believe that you will yet be happy together, my boy."

"Do you really believe so, Dick?" The youth was trembling with excitement and his eyes shone with delight.

"Indeed I do, Fred. I made a study of Sallie during the brief time I was with her and I see no reason why she should remain in her present condition very long. She was as rational as you or I, a part of the time I was there. It is only when the British put in an appearance that she becomes excited, and is thrown off her balance."

"True," sadly; "the sight of their red coats seems to upset her in an instant."

"Yes; but I think she will get over that in a few months—and even if she doesn't, when the war ends she will see no more red coats, and then all will be well; and sooner or later she will be her old self again. I think, however, that red coats or no red coats, she will get over it in a few months."

"I hope so."

"I am confident she will; and what about the other British officer, and the girl, Sadie Parks, I believe you said her name was?"

"Yes, that is her name. Well, I went right over to Mr. Parks' house next morning and told Joe what I had heard. He was mad, I tell you, and was in for shooting the officer on sight, but my experience of the night before had not been pleasant and I told Joe that it might be as well to meet the officer the next time he was on his way there and give him a warning to go away and stay away, under pen-



alty of death if he came again, and Joe finally consented. Joe knew when the redcoat would come again, and that evening we went down the road a mile or so and lay in wait for him. When he came along we stepped out in the road in front of him and told him to stop. He did so, and then Joe told him that he knew all—how the officer was figuring on deceiving Sadie with a false marriage, and so forth, and gave him warning to go back and to stay away for good and all. 'She is my sister,' said Joe, in a grim, threatening voice; 'the only sister I have, and I'm going to protect her. If I see you within a mile of our house at any time after this I will shoot you dead, without warning! Do you hear?' The scoundrel said he did, and that he would heed. 'I'll never come near your house again,' he said, and we could see that he meant it. He turned around and rode back in the direction from which he had come, and he has never been seen in these parts since. Sadie looked for him that evening, and wondered why he didn't come, and when several of his evenings to call came and went, and he failed to put in an appearance, or to send any word why he didn't come, she made up her mind that he had thrown her over. It hurt her, but it angered her, too, and the anger which she felt helped her to stand the pain of losing him, and she got along all right, and Joe says she is as happy as ever, now, and sings around at her work just like she used to before the officer came."

"That is good," said Dick; "you and Joe have done splendidly, and all you will have to do now is to go ahead and watch for the pillaging and foraging bands of redcoats."

"We'll do that, Dick. I shall see to it that the boys do just as you have said for them to do."

Then the two shook hands and Dick mounted his horse, bade the youths good-by, and rode away toward the south.

## CHAPTER V.

### ROWLANDO, THE DWARF.

Dick rode onward till sundown, and then just as it was growing dusk he came upon a lively scene. One man—a giant in size, evidently—was engaged in combat with four or five redcoats. All were mounted, but although the redcoats outnumbered the big fellow by at least five, they did not seem to be able to get the better of him; indeed, they seemed unable to hold their own, for while Dick was riding the distance of one hundred yards intervening, two

of the redcoats went down, and the others, feeling, no doubt, that this would be their fate if they remained, and seeing Dick approaching and doubtless suspecting that he was an enemy, broke and fled at the top of their speed.

The big fellow did not pursue the fugitives, but leaped to the ground and gazed down upon one of the still bodies lying there in the road. Just as Dick arrived upon the scene the giant cried, in an exultant voice: "I have killed him! I have killed the traitor, Arnold! Good! I said I would do it, and I have!"

Involuntarily Dick glanced down at the silent figure, and a glance only was needed to show him that it was not the traitor, Arnold, who lay there.

"You are mistaken, friend," he said, quietly; "that is not Arnold."

The man started and glanced up at Dick. "What's that!" he cried. "You say it isn't Arnold?"

"It certainly is not Arnold," was Dick's reply.

"Are you sure?" in a half-doubting, disappointed voice.

"Yes."

"You know Arnold when you see him?"

"I do."

"And this isn't him?"

"No."

The giant scratched his head and looked disappointedly down upon the face of the dead redcoat. Then a thought struck him, and he pointed at the other form lying stretched out. "How about him?" he asked. "Maybe he's Arnold."

Again Dick shook his head. "No, that isn't Arnold, either," was the reply.

A frown came over the face of the giant and he stamped his foot angrily.

"Blast the luck!" he growled. "This makes five or six times that I have thought that I had killed that traitor, only to find I was mistaken. But I'll get him yet! I'll keep on till I do meet up with him, and then I'll finish him!"

Dick looked the big man over with interest. He could see that the man was an original character. He was about forty years old, seemingly, was roughly dressed, in a costume such as was worn by hunters and trappers at those days, and he carried a heavy rifle and a pair of pistols. The rifle had been the only weapon he had used in fighting the redcoats; he had used it as a club, and had easily killed the two redcoats with blows on the head.

"Why are you so eager to kill Arnold?" asked Dick, who wished to draw the man out and learn something about him.



"Why do I want to kill him?" the giant repeated.

"Yes."

"Well, I reckon that's easy enough to answer. The minute I heard that he had turned traitor I said to myself that I would like to get a chance to kill the scoundrel."

"Yes?"

"Yes; and then when I heard that he had been made an officer in the British army I said it all over again, and stronger than before."

"I should judge so."

"Yes; and when I heard that he had been sent down here into Virginia, I said to myself that maybe I would get a chance to kill him, after all."

"Just so."

"Yes; and when I found that he was burning and pillaging the homes of the patriots in this part of the country I made up my mind that I would kill him, and I've been trying to do it ever since. As I said a while ago, I have thought that I had succeeded five or six times, but each time it turned out that I was mistaken, and that I had not killed Arnold. But I'll get him! I'll keep after him till I do kill him, even if I have to ride into Petersburg, enter headquarters and cut him down in his own office!"

"Well, I don't much blame you for feeling as you do about the matter," said Dick, quietly; "Arnold certainly deserves death for the part which he played."

"You are right; he deserves death if ever a man deserved it!"

"May I ask your name, sir?" asked Dick.

"Certainly; my name is Sam Sherlock. I am a hunter and trapper by trade. Everybody in these parts knows me. And, now, who are you?"

"Well, since I know who you are, and what your sentiments are, I don't mind telling you," said Dick; "my name is Slater—Dick Slater."

An exclamation escaped the lips of the giant. "Dick Slater!" he cried. "You don't mean to say that you are the real, the genuine Dick Slater, who is the captain of The Liberty Boys of '76?"

Dick nodded and smiled. "Yes, I am the real Dick Slater, the captain of the 'Liberty Boys,'" he replied.

"Shake!" cried Sherlock, extending his huge hand. "I have long wished to meet you, Dick Slater, but never thought I would get to do so. I did not expect ever to see you down in the South."

"General Washington sent me down to aid Lafayette, and help hold Arnold in check," explained Dick, as he took the hand of the giant in a hearty manner.

"So that's the way of it, eh? Well, I'm glad he sent you down here, for as I understand it you are personally acquainted with Arnold and would know him the instant you laid eyes on him, and you can stay with me and tell me when Arnold puts in an appearance, and then I can go in and kill him."

Dick shook his head. "I don't know about that, Mr. Sherlock," he said; "I am down here on a scouting expedition, now, and cannot say how long I may stay. You see, my 'Liberty Boys' are up at Richmond, and I will have to go back to them soon."

"Well, stay with me as long as you can, anyway; or, better, I'll stay with you while you are down in this part of the country, and we may be mutually helpful to each other."

"That will be all right," said Dick.

"Of course; by the way, have you had supper yet?"

"No."

"Then come home with me and we will have something to eat and map out our plan of procedure."

"Do you live far from here?"

"Not very far; about a mile, I guess."

"Then I'll go with you; but what about these?" indicating the dead redcoats.

"Let them lie there. Their comrades will come back and bury them."

"Doubtless they will," agreed Dick.

The giant then climbed into the saddle and rode back up the road a hundred yards, Dick keeping beside him. Then he turned to the left and entered the timber, Dick following. The youth saw that they were in a path, though only one experienced in woodcraft would have been able to note this fact in the gathering darkness.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought them to a cabin standing on the bank of a creek.

"Here we are," said Sherlock, heartily; "jump down, Dick. We'll put the horses in the stable and feed them and then we'll look out for something for ourselves."

Both dismounted, and then the giant led the way down a little slope, till they came upon a small shed stable right on the bank of the creek.

They first watered the animals, by letting them drink in the creek, and then led them into the stable, and, unbridling and unsaddling them, gave them some corn and oats.

The two men made their way to the cabin and entered, and Sherlock went to work to get supper. He had some venison, which he put on the fire to cook, and the smell was very appetizing, to say the least, for both were hungry.



When the meat was done the host cooked some corncakes and the two sat up to the table and ate heartily. As they ate they talked, and suddenly the giant broke off right in the middle of a sentence, and, leaping up, ran to the door, threw it open and leaped outside. Dick got up and went to the door to see what had come over his big friend, and found him looking all around and muttering.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick.

"I thought I heard somebody at the door," was the reply; "but I didn't get eyes on any one when I leaped out. Neither did I hear the sound of footsteps. I can't understand it."

"Perhaps you were mistaken," said Dick.

"Maybe so," slowly and hesitatingly, "but I doubt it. I have exceedingly sharp hearing and am seldom deceived. I could almost take oath that there was some one at the door listening to our conversation."

"Who could it have been?"

"That's a mystery to me! I don't know, I'm sure, nor can I even give a guess regarding the identity of the person."

They re-entered the cabin and continued their interrupted meal and conversation, though Sherlock lowered his voice, it being evident that he believed there was an eavesdropper about.

Dick hardly thought this likely, but he dropped his voice when talking, the same as his host did. They finished their supper, and then Sherlock said he must have a smoke, after which he would be ready to talk business.

Dick was in no particular hurry to go on his way, as he had the whole night before him, so he made no objections to the giant's purpose of taking a smoke. It was a big smoke, indeed, and half an hour passed before the big fellow was satisfied. Then he laid his pipe up, with a sigh, and said: "I guess we kin talk over the ways and means now, Dick. I feel about one hundred per cent. better."

Before Dick could reply the door of the cabin suddenly opened and a little, hunch-backed dwarf entered. He was not much more than three feet tall, and he had a wicked, animal-like face that was not good to look upon. And just now there was a grin of maliciousness and triumph on the dwarf's face.

At his unceremonious entrance both Sherlock and Dick leaped to their feet, and a single word escaped the lips of the giant. It was the word, "Rowlando!" and Dick understood that it must be the name of the dwarf.

The latter bowed and grinned even more hyena-like, as he said: "Yes, it is Rowlando, Sam Sherlock."

"Why are you here?" cried the giant.

"Why am I here?"

"Yes."

"For revenge!" The dwarf fairly hissed the words out and there was the look of a fiend on his face.

"Oh, for revenge, eh?" remarked the gaint, and glanced toward the door. It was plain that he felt confident there were others close at hand, and somehow Dick seemed to know what the big fellow wished done, for he was ready to act.

Dick's idea was to leap forward quickly and close the bar the door. By so doing it would be possible to keep the dwarf in the cabin, and his allies—for Dick was sure he had some—out. As the dwarf's attention was on Sherlock, the youth felt that it would be possible for him to accomplish the feat.

Having made up his mind he did not delay an instant. He realized that those outside might take it into their heads to enter at any moment; so, crouching, he leaped toward the door, with the bound of a panther. The dwarf saw the movement and whirled as if to leap out of the door, but Dick gave him a shove which sent him rolling, end over end, across the floor, and then the next instant the door went shut and the bar was thrown into place.

Sherlock leaped forward, and grasping Rowlando by the coat-collar, jerked him to his feet. "So, you thought you would play a trick on us, did you, you little rascal!" the giant cried. "Well, you'll find that you will have to get up early to beat us!"

At this moment there came a furious pounding on the door.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DICK AND SHERLOCK DO SOME GOOD WORK.

"Who is out there, Rowlando?" asked the giant.

The dwarf made no reply other than to snarl like an angry dog.

The giant shook him. "Answer me!" he said. "Who is out there?"

"You'll find out!" was the reply.

"But I want to know now. I don't care to wait. I'll find out in some other way; I want you to tell me."

"You'll have to keep on wanting, then, for I shall tell you."

"You had better!"



"Bah! you can't scare me, big as you are, Sam Sherlock!" said the dwarf, sneeringly and defiantly.

Again there came the pounding on the door, followed by a voice which called out: "Open the door, do you hear? Open it, I say!"

"And I say for you to go off in the timber somewhere and butt your head against a tree!" roared Sherlock, who was vexed and angry. "What do you think we are in here, to take orders from every bawling idiot that comes along? You had better take yourself off or I will come out there and pull you to pieces!"

A mocking laugh came from without at this. "Say," called out the voice, "do you know how many of us there are out here?"

"I don't know and I don't care."

"There are twenty of us!"

"I wouldn't care if there were forty!" And then a sudden thought came to the giant and he called out, eagerly: "Say, is Arnold out there?"

"Arnold?"

"Yes."

"Arnold who?"

"You know who I mean—the Arnold; not 'Arnold who.'"

"Oh, you mean General Arnold?"

"Yes."

"No, he isn't out here."

"Humph!" grunted Sherlock; "it's lucky for him he isn't!"

"Let go of me!" snarled the dwarf.

"All right, Rowlando," in the most scornful manner imaginable, "I'll let go of you; but mind you don't try to cut any capers. If you do I'll smash you as I would a horsefly! You had better sit down, over there, and keep quiet."

The dwarf glared at the giant as if he would like to kill him, but he evidently feared the big man, for he took the seat indicated and said nothing in reply.

"Say, you fellows in there, are you going to open the door?" again called out the man who had done the talking upon the outside.

"No, we are not going to open the door," replied Sherlock.

"You are not?"

"No!"

"You had better!"

"Oh, say, you aren't talking to boys that can be scared by threats!" said Sherlock, in supreme scorn.

At this instant Dick leaped across the room and jerked

a pistol out of the hand of Rowlando, the dwarf. He had drawn the weapon stealthily and was just taking aim at Sherlock when Dick noticed him and leaped forward and seized the weapon.

"You cowardly, would-be assassin!" said Dick, angrily. "What do you mean?"

"You don't say he was really going to shoot me, Dick?" remarked Sherlock, in a wondering tone. "Well, I wouldn't have believed he had courage enough to shoot at a ten-year-old let alone a man like me."

The dwarf scowled at Dick, and then at the giant, in a fierce manner, but said nothing. If looks could have killed they would both have dropped dead.

"Maybe you had better take all his weapons away from him, Dick," suggested Sherlock; "we can use the pistols, anyway, to fight the redcoats off with."

Dick took another pistol away from the dwarf, and also a long-bladed knife. "That's all, I think," he said.

"All right," remarked the giant; "and now, Rowlando, if you try any more tricks I'll lift you up and then let you drop, hard. You know what that means!"

The dwarf shuddered slightly, but made no reply.

Thump, thump, thump!

The men outside were growing impatient, and they thumped hard, and then several of them threw themselves against the door at the same time. The door creaked, but showed no signs of giving way.

"Oh, you can't do it!" said Sherlock, with a grim smile. "That door is too stout for you."

"But they will use a battering-ram and then they'll bring the door down," said Dick, in a low tone.

Sherlock looked sober. "That's so; they could burst the door down in that way," he acknowledged, "but they may not think of doing it."

"Oh, they'll think of it," said Dick.

He was right, for immediately after he had spoken the voice was heard once more, saying: "There is a big log out here, and we are going to lift it up and use it as a battering-ram to burst the door down with if you don't open it of your own accord. Now, open it at once and save us the trouble."

"I'll not do it!" was the defiant reply. "And I give you fair warning that if you burst that door down you shall pay for it in the lives of half your number!"

"Bah! you can't scare us!" came back in scornful tones, and then these words were followed by the order to his men: "Up with the log, men, and smash that door in!"

"Get ready to fight them, Dick!" cried Sherlock; "they outnumber us ten to one, but I am good for mighty near



ten of them, and I know you are a great fighter; anyway, we can make it cost them dearly if they try to get into this cabin after breaking the door down."

"All right; we'll give them a warm reception," said Dick, grimly. "You take that side of the door and I'll take this, and after we have discharged all our pistol shots we can seize our guns, discharge them, and then club them and break the heads of some of the redcoats."

"That's what we can and will do, Dick!" grimly. "And I more than half believe that we can knock them down faster than they can get in."

"We'll try, at any rate."

At this instant there was a terrible crash, and a jar which shook the cabin. The door flew off its hinges and fell to the floor, and at the same instant Dick and Sherlock began firing their pistols. It took only about two seconds for them to fire the four shots which they had between them, and then they dropped the pistols and seized their guns. These they fired off also and then, clubbing them, began striking at the redcoats who were attempting to rush into the cabin. There were so many of the redcoats, and so many tried to enter at the same time, that they got wedged and this gave Sherlock and Dick a splendid opportunity to get in their work.

They took advantage of the opportunity, too, and the way they thumped the redcoats over the head was a caution. They aided in breaking up the wedge, and then as more redcoats rushed forward, thumped them over the head also and dropped them on top of their senseless comrades.

Of course, the redcoats had kept up an almost constant firing, but had not as yet been able to hit Dick or Sherlock. So many of their number had been knocked down that there was a pile three or four feet high, and they decided to stop and try some other plan. They hauled their insensible comrades out by the heels and were very careful to keep back out of reach of the butts of the guns.

Dick and Sherlock improved the opportunity by reloading their pistols and guns. "Well, I guess they have got the worst of it, so far," said Sherlock, grimly.

"They certainly have," agreed Dick.

"What do you think of it now, Rowlando?" said Sherlock, addressing the dwarf. "Kind of sorry you had anything to do with the affair, ain't you?"

The dwarf uttered a growl, but made no intelligible reply. It was plain that he did not fancy the way things had gone so far.

The redcoats had now gotten all their comrades out of the doorway and to a safe distance, and while some of

their number worked to try to resuscitate them the rest talked over the situation.

Sherlock stepped to Dick's side, but kept his eyes on the British. "What do you think they will try next, Dick?" he asked, in a whisper.

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"I don't know, either; but I shouldn't be surprised if they set fire to the cabin."

Dick nodded. "I had thought of that," he said.

"And in that case, Dick, we would have to make a dash for it."

"So we would."

"And the redcoats would all be standing there, weapons in hand, ready to put bullets through us."

"So they would."

"Well, that being the case, don't you think we had better take time by the forelock and make the dash at once?"

Dick nodded. "I rather think it the best thing we can do," he agreed.

"So do I. You see, they are busy trying to bring their comrades to, and they won't be able to take aim at us."

"You are right."

"I think so; they'll fire, of course, but will be in such a hurry that the chances are ten to one that they don't come anywhere near us."

"That's the way I look at it."

"Then let's make the dash for liberty."

"All right; you lead and I will follow."

"Very well; we'll go around the left-hand corner of the cabin and run down the creek. We can then keep on down the bank of the stream, and I don't think the redcoats can catch us, if they try to follow."

"I doubt it."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"All right; come on!"

As he spoke Sherlock suddenly leaped through the doorway and ran toward the corner of the cabin, closely followed by Dick. The dwarf uttered a yell, intended to warn the redcoats, and they gave utterance to yells of anger as they caught sight of the two, and realized what they were doing.

"Fire upon them!" roared the redcoat leader. "Don't let them escape!"

The soldiers out with their pistols and fired as quietly as they could. As Dick and Sherlock had figured out what they would do, they did not stop to take aim and the result was that no damage of any amount was done. Badly hurt fugitives were hit by bullets, but the wounds were not



scratches, and they did not pay any attention to the matter. They continued running, and were down at the creek in a jiffy; here they turned to the right and ran along the bank of the stream at a swift pace.

The redcoats gave chase and ran as rapidly as possible after the fugitives, but they soon saw the folly of trying to overtake the two, and gave up the pursuit and returned to the cabin.

"They got away, did they?" asked the leader of the party, who had not gone in pursuit of the fugitives.

"Yes," was the sullen reply; "they can run like deer."

"Well, I'm sorry they got away. Just think of it! Here are five of the boys laid out with broken heads, and three more who are dead! And it is all the work of those two scoundrels. Oh, but I would like to lay hands on them!"

"Sam Sherlock is a demon!" said Rowlando, the dwarf, who had come forth from the cabin and rejoined the party.

"And that other fellow is a bad one, too!" from one of the men.

"Yes, they're both bad men to fool with!" from still another.

"I wouldn't have believed any two men could do what they have done," said the leader of the party.

The others agreed with the leader.

Meanwhile Dick and Sherlock were not idle. As soon as they became convinced that the redcoats had given up the pursuit they paused and talked over the situation.

"What about our horses?" asked Dick. "That horse of mine is a valuable one, and I would not have him fall into the hands of the redcoats for anything. Can't we get our horses without being seen by the enemy?"

"We can try," said Sherlock; "and I think we can make a success of it, too."

"I hope so."

"I am sure we can. You see, they will have something else to think about for the next quarter of an hour or so, and before that time has expired we can have secured our horses and made our escape."

"We'll make the attempt, at any rate."

The two turned and retraced their steps, going slowly, however, for they feared that some of the redcoats might have hidden somewhere and be on the lookout for them.

They found that such was not the case, however, for they reached the rear of the cabin without having seen anything of any of the enemy, and they continued on until they came to the stable. They entered, bridled and saddled the horses and led them forth and up the bank and into the timber. They made their way along a dis-

tance of two hundred yards, and then they paused and tied the horses to trees.

"Now let's go back and spy on the redcoats," suggested Sherlock.

"Very well," said Dick; "that is just what I was wanting that we should do."

"All right; come on."

They stole back till they were close enough to the redcoats so that they could hear all that was said. Just as they got there they heard the dwarf, Rowlando, say: "There's one thing you have not thought of that should be attended to."

"What is that?" asked the redcoat leader.

"Those two fellows have horses here and you should secure them."

"That's right; I never thought of the horses. I wonder where the animals are to be found?"

"In the stable, of course."

"Oh, is there a stable?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Right down on the bank of the creek, fifty yards to the left, from the cabin."

"All right; three or four of you boys go and get the horses; we'll do the scoundrels that much harm, anyway."

Sherlock nudged Dick and chuckled softly. "I guess they'll be a bit surprised, eh, Dick?" he whispered.

Four of the redcoats hastened away. They were gone perhaps five minutes, and then they returned empty-handed and reported that there were no horses in the stable.

"What's that!" roared the leader. "The horses are not there, you say?"

"No; they're gone!"

"Blazes!" the redcoat captain almost yelled. "We've been beaten on every hand, and by two mean, miserable rebels! Twenty of us, too—twenty good, experienced British soldiers! It is terrible!"

"But the two are no common men," said Rowlando, the dwarf.

"Well, I guess you are right about that; their achievements this evening has proven that they are not common men, by any means. They are extraordinary men—wonders!"

"There's one thing you can do to get a little bit of revenge," the dwarf said.

"What is that?"

"Set fire to the cabin."

"And burn it down. That is a good plan. It will afford



us a little satisfaction, anyway. We will do it. Boys, pile some leaves and sticks against the cabin and set fire to it!"

"Now, blame their hides!" whispered Sherlock, in a grim and angry way, "if they do that I'm going to give them every bullet I have in my gun and pistols!"

"All right; I'll do the same," said Dick. "We may as well hit them our hardest while we are at it."

"That's so."

The two drew their pistols and cocked them, and waited for the moment when they should put their plan into effect.

"After we have got through firing," whispered Sherlock, "we will lead them off in a direction that will take them away from where our horses are; then we can double and make our way to the horses, mount and get away in safety."

"That's a good plan," agreed Dick.

They waited till the redcoats had piled up a lot of leaves and twigs against the cabin, and then, just as one of the redcoats was getting ready to strike fire with flint and steel, the two opened fire.

Crack! crack! crack! crack! went the pistol shots and then after an interval of only a few moments there came the louder, heavier reports from the rifle and musket—crack! crack!

Three of the redcoats went down and the others gave utterance to wild yells of rage and discomfiture.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DICK SENDS FOR THE "LIBERTY BOYS."

Dick and Sherlock knew they had no time to lose, and the instant they had fired the last shots they turned and ran away through the timber at the top of their speed.

The redcoats heard them running, and the sound served to rouse them from the dream into which they seemed to have fallen on being fired upon so unexpectedly, and the captain yelled for the men to pursue the "rebels."

The men obeyed and set out in pursuit, firing wildly as they ran. They might as well have saved their ammunition, for none of the bullets came anywhere near the fugitives.

As they had figured on doing, Dick and Sherlock led the redcoats almost directly away from the point where the horses were concealed, and when they had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile they turned suddenly at right angles and ran as silently as possible in the new direction. When they had gone a hundred yards they again turned to the

right, and, making a half circuit, were soon back to where the horses were tied.

"What shall we do now?" asked Dick.

"Well, if you don't object, I would like to secrete ourselves near the cabin, once more, and if the redcoats try to set fire to my cabin, give them another dose. You see, I have all my traps in there, and some valuable skins, and I don't want to lose them, to say nothing of the cabin which, while it isn't worth a great deal, was considerable trouble to build, and has been my home for many years. "I have no objections to offer," said Dick; "I'm ready to stand by you to the end, and will help you save the cabin if it is possible to do so."

"Good! You're a partner worth having! Let's load our pistols and guns as quick as possible and get back where we can give it to them if they try to set the cabin on fire."

"All right."

The two were old hands at the work of loading weapons in the dark, and they had no trouble in getting their pistols and guns recharged; then they advanced quickly but cautiously, and were soon within a few yards of the cabin. As they reached the spot Sherlock muttered an exclamation under his breath. Some one had started the fire which was just getting good headway among the leaves and twigs, but had not as yet taken hold on the cabin. The person who had set the fire was standing there watching his work, and was plain to be seen, outlined against the light made by the blaze.

"It's that blamed dwarf, Rowlando!" hissed Sherlock. "Well, I'll make him wish he had kept his fingers out of the pie! Just watch me settle with him."

As he finished speaking Sherlock suddenly dashed off from among the trees, and in an instant, almost, was upon the dwarf, who heard the sound of the footsteps and whirled—but too late to do him any good.

"Sherlock!" he gasped, just as the giant seized him, and he struggled fiercely, but to no effect whatever.

"Yes, it's Sherlock, you little hop-toad!" hissed the giant. "I'm going to start you away from here, Rowlando, and if you're wise you'll never come within a mile of my cabin again, do you hear? If I catch you within that distance again I'll kill you, sure! For this time, this is what I am going to do with you!"

As the giant finished speaking he suddenly hurled the dwarf high into the air. He went up as if shot out of a catapult; he looked somewhat like a trounced frog, in fact, and Dick, who was watching the scene with interest, was surprised to see the dwarf go clear over the cabin



and disappear on the farther side. It was a marvelous feat, true, but the cabin was not a large one, being not to exceed twelve feet in height at the ridgepole, and the giant was an exceedingly large and strong man, and the victim was exceptionally small.

Sherlock coolly strode to where the leaves and sticks were burning, and with a few kicks put the fire out; then he returned to where Dick was concealed.

"What do you think of my way of settling with Rowlando?" the giant asked.

"It beats anything I have ever seen!" replied Dick. "It was wonderful!"

"Oh, not so very; ther dwarf isn't heavy, and I'm very strong, you know."

"Yes, that's true; but he did look funny sailing up into the air and clear over the cabin."

"I reckon it didn't seem very funny to him," drily.

"No, I suppose not; but you don't seem to think he needs any more attention."

"No, I don't think he will need any more, either. If he didn't break his neck or his legs when he struck he is at this moment getting away from this vicinity as fast as he knows how, and he won't venture back again soon, either, for he knows me!"

"Do you think there is any danger that he may find the horses?"

"No; he will probably head down the creek and not come back up on the high ground till after he is far away."

Just then the voices of the redcoats were heard, and the two became silent and listened. The British soldiers were returning, and they came slowly, as if very tired, as no doubt they were.

"What shall we do now, captain?" asked one of the men. "Set fire to the cabin?"

"No, let the cabin alone. That caused us this last trouble. The best thing we can do is to bury the dead and then get away from here. That dwarf was bad luck to us."

"He was ugly enough to be bad luck to anybody that has anything to do with him," remarked another of the redcoats.

"Where is he, anyway?" inquired still another.

"I don't know," from the captain; "he has disappeared."

Dick could not help smiling as he thought of the peculiar manner in which the dwarf had disappeared.

The redcoats seemed in a hurry to get away from the spot, and they worked rapidly; it did not take them long to bury their dead comrades, and then one asked: "Which way now, captain?"

"We will get ready and return to Petersburg at once," was the reply.

"And we are not going to make an attempt to get even with those fellows for what they have done?"

"Yes, we will get even with them. But we must have more men. One of the two is Dick Slater, the captain of the 'Liberty Boys,' and the 'Liberty Boys' are somewhere in this vicinity. If we remain here with our little force they are likely to find us and wipe us out completely; so it is my intention to return to Petersburg, get Arnold to let me have a couple of hundred men and then come back and have a settlement."

"That is a good plan; well, in that case, I am ready and willing to go—but I would rather stay and take all the chances rather than give up the idea of getting even with them."

"Oh, I'm not the kind of a man to give up tamely," said the captain; "I'll make Dick Slater and that big fellow, Sherlock, wish they had never been born, one of these days!"

"Maybe you will, and maybe you won't!" whispered Sherlock, grimly, in Dick's ear.

"I'm glad he told his plans," whispered Dick.

"That's right; now we will know what to expect and look out for."

"You are right."

The two waited till the redcoats had taken their departure and then they went to where they had tied their horses, and led the animals back and placed them in the stable.

"I don't think we will be bothered again to-night," said Sherlock.

"I hardly think so," coincided Dick.

"And you have given up the idea of going to Petersburg on a scouting expedition, have you not?"

"Yes; I know what to expect, anyway; so there is no need of going."

"That's right."

"What do you think about it?" asked Dick, presently. "Do you think the redcoats will come back to-night?"

The giant shook his head. "No; they will go to Petersburg, turn in for the night, report to Arnold in the morning, and then the party the captain spoke of will be made up and will reach this vicinity about noon to-morrow."

"I guess that will give me plenty of time," remarked Dick, thoughtfully.

"Plenty of time?" inquiringly.

"Yes."



"For what?"

"To get my 'Liberty Boys' down here from Richmond."

The giant started, and a look of interest appeared on his face. "So that is what you are thinking of doing, is it?" he remarked.

"Yes."

"How many are there of the 'Liberty Boys'?"

"One hundred."

"The British captain said he would be back with two hundred men."

"I know that."

"Then you must consider that your 'Liberty Boys' are a match for double their number."

"Yes, I do. They have proven it a hundred times."

"Good! I'm glad that I am to make the acquaintance of such a lot of fellows."

"They're a fine lot of boys, that's a fact."

"Are you going after them yourself?"

"I have been thinking over that point; I have about made up my mind to send some one."

"Do you want me to go?"

"Oh, no; I would go before I would send you."

"I'll go, if you say so."

"I know, but I want you here; you are too valuable a fighting man. That's the reason I don't want to go myself; I think it may be possible that there will be hot work in this vicinity before the 'Liberty Boys' get here, and we want all the good fighters to be on hand."

"Who will you send, then?"

"I know a man a couple of miles away who would go, if I asked him."

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Hanks."

"Oh, yes; I know Joe Hanks well. Yes, he would go, I know, for he is a true patriot."

"Yes, I know he is."

"It is sad about his daughter, though, isn't it?"

"Yes; but I rather think she will recover in time and become as sane as you or I."

"I hope so, for she's a nice girl."

"So she is."

"She shot at me one day as I was stopping to get a drink," the giant said, with a half-sad, half-amused smile.

"She shot at me, too," said Dick.

"She did? When?"

"This afternoon."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

"I stopped to talk to her father; he invited me to the house, and as we were approaching there came the report of a rifle and a bullet went through my hat."

"Well, well! If a fellow wants to be on the safe side it is best that he should wear a red coat when he goes to the Hanks home."

"It would seem so."

"By the way, we might as well start, hadn't we?"

"Yes; then we can come back and get some sleep before morning."

The two again led their horses out of the stable, mounted and rode slowly away through the timber. When they reached the main road they set out at a gallop, and it did not take very long to reach the home of Mr. Hanks.

The family was asleep, but a few thumps on the door quickly roused Mr. Hanks, who was surprised and delighted as well when he saw who his visitors were.

"Back again so soon, Dick?" he exclaimed. "Hello, Sam!" to Sherlock. "I'm glad to see you!"

Dick quickly explained why he had returned, and asked Mr. Hanks if he would go to Richmond and bring the "Liberty Boys." The patriot said he would be only too glad to do so and went to work and got ready for the trip as quickly as possible.

Dick gave him all the instructions necessary, and then the man rode away toward the north. Then Sherlock turned to Dick and said: "What are you going to do, Dick?"

"I am going to hunt up Fred Ferris and his band of boys."

"Who are they?"

"About twenty boys of the neighborhood who have banded together to strike the redcoats blows whenever they get the chance."

"I see."

"And I shall hunt them up, after which we will go down the road three or four miles and lie in wait. Then if the redcoats come before the 'Liberty Boys' get here we will do our best to worry them and hold them in check."

"I see; well, I'll go along with you."

The two rode slowly down the road and kept a sharp lookout; and as they rode they talked in low tones.

"Who is that dwarf, Rowlando, Sam?" asked Dick.

"Oh, Rowlando?" remarked Sherlock. "Why, he's a hunter and trapper, the same as I am."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Yes."

"He doesn't seem to like you."



"Likes me about as well as I do him, I guess," with a grim laugh.

"He spoke to-night of getting revenge on you."

"Yes, so he did."

"What did you ever do to him, Sam, that he should want revenge?"

"Beat him in a hunting and trapping contest."

"Oh, that was it?"

"Yes. He was always jealous of me; and whenever he was with any of the people of the neighborhood he would always make it a point to run me down and say that I was good, and all that; and that he could beat me hunting and trapping, and so on."

"Kind of a boaster."

"The worst kind. Well, one day, one of my friends took him up on his statement that he could beat me hunting and trapping, and offered to bet him that he couldn't. The dwarf, to do him justice, really believed he could beat me, I reckon, for he was willing to make a wager, and it was done. I wasn't there at the time, but they hunted him up and got me to agree to the contest. I didn't really want to do it, for I knew Rowlando was a venomous little rascal, and I didn't care about incurring his ill will by beating him. My friends finally persuaded me to go into the affair, however; they said if I didn't do it the dwarf would say it was because I was afraid he would do me, and that he would be more blatant and boastful than ever, and so I gave in."

"You could not do otherwise under the circumstances."

"I don't see how I could. Well, the arrangements were made. The contest was to last one month. The man was the most game and securing the most skins in the neighborhood would be the winner, and so we went to work. It took me only a few days to become convinced that the dwarf was playing me mean tricks, for I found traps so glibly that I could see had had game in them. I was sure that Rowlando was raiding my traps, so I laid for him; and on the third night after doing so I caught him at it. I saw him take a mink out of one of my traps; and when he started to walk away with it I stepped out and confronted him."

"I guess he was surprised!" remarked Dick.

"I should say so! He didn't know what to say."

"I should think he would have been at a loss for words."

"Yes; it was a nice, moonlight night, and we could see each other plainly, and he just stood there, his underlip dropped, and stared at me."

"He was paralyzed with amazement and consternation."

"I suppose so; but I soon unparalyzed him. I stepped

forward, took him by the coat-collar and I shook him till his teeth rattled."

Dick laughed. "I can see you at it," he said; "you shook him that way at the cabin to-night."

"Yes, but not so hard as I did that night, for I was mad, I tell you!"

"I don't doubt it. It was enough to make you mad."

"I should say so; after he had challenged me and bragged that he could beat me hunting and trapping, to have him rob my traps—it was more than I could endure with equanimity."

"What did Rowlando have to say for himself?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Not a word. I tried to get him to talk and tell me why he had stooped to such a despicable trick, but he wouldn't open his head."

"Well, as he was caught in the act there wasn't really anything he could say that would help his case."

"No, that's true enough; but I thought he ought to say something."

"But he thought differently, eh?"

"Yes; and though I shook him and shook him till I thought his teeth would drop out, he maintained a stubborn silence."

"What did you do, finally?"

"Why, I finally gave him a lecture on the sin of doing as he had done, and then ended up by giving him warning that if I caught him at another of my traps I would shoot him as I would a dog."

"Well, I think you were justified in telling him this."

"So do I; and I'd have kept my word, too, if I had ever seen him fooling around another one of my traps."

"He kept away, eh?"

"Yes; I guess he knew I was in earnest. You see, we each had our territory in which to work—we have always had it that way, as it isn't considered etiquette to encroach on another man's preserves, and there was no occasion for him to come near my traps in looking after his own."

"I see. Well, who won the contest?"

"I did. I beat him bad. I had a third more game and pelts than he did."

"Good for you!"

"Oh, I knew I could beat him easy enough, but I guess he had counted on stealing enough out of my traps to enable him to beat me, and when he slipped up on that he was badly left."

"I see; and was that all that he had to be revenged upon you for?"



"Yes."

"Why, he had no grounds at all; it was you who were entitled to revenge on him, if anything. He had wronged you, but you had not wronged him."

"Of course not; but to his mind, I suppose, it seemed as if he had been wronged."

"I guess you are right about that; doubtless he felt that you should have permitted him to go on robbing your traps and then win the contest."

"I judge that was the way he felt about it."

"It is strange how some people look at matters; I have known cases like this one you have told about, where some scoundrel has done mean work, and then seemed to feel that he had been treated shamefully because he had been interfered with."

"Yes, that's the way it goes, and there are lots of such people."

"Well, I rather think that your dwarf will hardly bother you again," said Dick, with a laugh; "that sail he took over the top of your cabin will certainly satisfy him for some time to come."

"I hope so, for I would hate to have to kill the little rascal."

At this instant there came a challenge from the timber at the side of the road:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOLDING THE REDCOATS BACK.

Dick and Sherlock halted instantly and Dick called out: "Friends!"

"Oh, you are friends, are you?"

"Yes."

"How do we know you are?"

"Well, we know it and that is enough. I know your voice, Fred. It is I, Dick Slater, and a friend; and I have been looking for you boys."

"What! Is it really you, Dick?" came back the voice, in eager tones.

"Yes, it is I."

"But I thought you went south."

"I started, but did not go far. I have been back to Mr. Hanks' house, and we have just come from there."

"Well, well! What is up now, Dick?"

"We'll be right with you and tell you all about it in a moment, Fred."

Then Dick and Sherlock rode to the side of the road and dismounted. The next moment they stood among members of the Invisible Band.

The boys all knew Sherlock, and greeted him pleasantly and respectfully. It was evident that he was considered to be a man of importance in the community.

Dick told Fred Ferris the story of his evening's adventures, and then explained why he had hunted up the Invisible Band. Fred said he would be only too glad to place the boys at Dick's disposal.

"You take command, Dick," he said, "and whatever you say for us to do we will do. We will be glad to have a chance to get another blow in on the redcoats, with you at hand to see that we don't run too great risks."

"All right, Fred, and thank you. We will move down the road a distance of two or three miles and then into camp. We will put out sentinels and then if the redcoats should come along we will know of their coming in time and will make ready to make things lively for them."

The members of the party mounted their horses and rode down the road a distance of three miles. Then they came to a fine place for a camp. It was at the top of a rise, and beyond, for a distance of two or three miles there was a gradual slope downward.

The youths dismounted, picketed their horses and went into camp. Dick appointed four of the boys to act as sentinels, and made arrangements to have them relieve at the end of three hours. When everything was satisfactory, Dick, Sherlock and the youths lay down and were soon asleep.

The night was got through without anything having been heard or seen of the redcoats, and after they had eaten their breakfast the youths made ready to take it easy and wait for the appearance of the enemy.

There were several high trees on the top of the slope and a sentinel was stationed in the top of one of the tallest. He kept watch and report the instant he saw the redcoats coming. From the treetop he could see a distance of five miles, and this would give the members of the Invisible Band plenty of time to get ready to greet the enemy.

It was not until ten o'clock that any word came from the man in the tree, and then he called out: "I see the redcoats!"

"The redcoats are coming, eh?" called back Dick.

"Yes."

"How far away are they?"

"Nearly three miles."



"Does there seem to be a very big crowd of them?"

"Yes; there's a long string of horsemen."

"All right; stay up there and keep watch and tell us how many there are when they get close enough so that you can count them."

"All right."

Dick began making his arrangement at once. The first thing he did was to order the youths to bridle and sadddle their horses and tie them about fifty feet away, down the road, where they could be mounted without the loss of an instant's time, when the order should be given.

"I see you are a good general," said Sherlock, with a smile; "you first provide a means for escape and look after the other details later."

"It is necessary to do so when your men are outnumbered to such an extent as ours will be," replied Dick.

"True; if you had the strongest party, with the advantage of this strong position, there would be no need in providing for a means of retreat."

"No need at all; but under the circumstances it is very important."

"Yes, indeed; so it is."

Then Dick called the youths around him. "I wish to have a little talk with you," he said.

"Go ahead," said Fred; "we are ready to listen, and are ready to do just whatever you tell us to do, too."

"That's the way to talk!" said Sherlock, approvingly.

"What I wish to say," said Dick, "is this: The redcoats coming doubtless outnumber us ten to one. I have no reason to believe that there will be two hundred of them, at least. Of course, we will not be able to hold out long against such a strong force, but we can worry them. The first thing we will do will be to open fire with our rifles. We can fire, reload and fire at least three times before they come within pistol-shot distance; then we will give them the contents of our pistols and run to our horses, leap to the saddles and dash away. As our horses will be fresh, while theirs have been ridden more or less hard a distance of ten miles, we should be able to easily get away from them."

"That is a good plan," said Fred; "and we boys will do just as you say."

"All right; don't be alarmed because there are so many of the redcoats. Remember, we will be able to get away before they can top the hill and get after us."

"We'll remember, and will not move a peg till you tell us to do so."

"About a mile to the north from here we come to another high place," went on Dick; "if you boys could load

your rifles and pistols while riding at full speed we could stop there and make another stand."

"Fred shook his head. "We have never tried that," he said; "I'm afraid we couldn't manage it."

"In that case we will just have to keep on going. You can make the attempt, however, and perhaps you will be able to load your pistols, anyway, as they are easier to handle than a rifle."

"We'll try it and see how it works."

"They are not more than a mile and a half away!" called down the sentinel.

"All right," replied Dick; "can you count them yet?"

"Not exactly; but I have made an approximate count and would say that there must be close to two hundred of them."

"That is what I thought; well, boys, come on, and take up your stations."

Dick attended to the placing of the youths, and then they waited patiently. A very few minutes passed and then the head of the column of redcoats came in sight scarcely a mile away.

"We can see them from down here, now," called out Dick to the sentinel; "come down."

The youth obeyed, and when he reached Dick's side he told him that he had counted the redcoats carefully and that there were two hundred of them.

"All right," said Dick, grimly; "there won't be quite so many after we have got through with them."

Dick had placed ten of the youths on one side of the road and ten on the other. He stayed with one party, while the giant, Sherlock, was with the other.

"We will take turns at firing," Dick told them; "we will fire first and then while we are reloading you will fire; then we'll fire while you reload, and so on, until they are within pistol-shot distance; then we will give them two pistol volleys and get away from here in a hurry."

All watched the approaching redcoats eagerly, and when at last they were within range of the rifles Dick gave the order for the youths to take aim. The youths rested their left elbows on their left knees and were thus able to take a good, steady aim. When he thought they had sighted long enough Dick called out, in a low, tense voice:

"Fire!"

Instantly the crash of the ten rifles rang out and two of the redcoats were seen to fall out of their saddles, while another reeled like a drunken man.

"Now reload as quickly as possible!" cried Dick, and he



gave the youths on the other side of the road the signal to take aim.

The redcoats were taken entirely by surprise, as they were not looking for anything of this kind, but they did not stop; instead, they urged their horses forward at increased speed. Onward they came, yelling at the top of their voices, but suddenly there came the order to fire, from the lips of Sherlock, and again the crash of the rifle shots was heard.

Two more of the enemy went down, and still louder and fiercer shouts of anger went up from the comrades of the stricken men.

"Dick's youths had succeeded in reloading their rifles, and now they took careful aim, and, at the word, fired. A few moments later those on the other side of the road fired again, and now the redcoats were almost within pistol-shot distance.

As soon as Dick's youths had reloaded their rifles he told them to take aim; and then when he gave the order they fired once more. Dropping their rifles, at the youth's command, they drew their pistols and coolly discharged one volley and then another, the roar of the rifle shots ringing in with their second pistol shot volley.

Dick waited till the youths on the other side of the road had fired their two volleys from the pistols, and then he gave the command to retreat and mount the horses.

The youths lost no time in obeying, and in a very short time were in the saddles and dashing away up the road at full speed. When the redcoats reached the top of the hill they were chagrined to see their intended victims riding like the wind and already out of rifle or musket-shot distance.

"After them!" roared the captain of the British force. "We must catch them and wipe them off the face of the earth! There isn't more than a score of them."

The redcoats uttered a cheer and lashed and spurred their horses to renewed exertions, but the brutes were tired, as they had had a long, uphill climb of it and could not gain on the fresh animals ridden by the patriot youths.

Indeed, it was soon made evident that they could not hold their own, for the youths began to draw away, slowly at first and then faster and faster, and the distance between the two parties was soon double what it had been at first and was still widening.

The redcoats uttered curses of rage and chagrin, and urged their horses onward, but they could see that it would be impossible to overtake the fugitives. Still, in the hope that something might occur that would give them the opportunity to come up with the youths, they kept on.

Meanwhile Dick and the youths were busy, trying to reload their pistols while riding at breakneck speed. Dick it was not so difficult, as he had practiced it; for the rest it was not so easy. Still, the majority managed to get the pistols loaded, after a fashion, and when they reached the top of the knoll Dick called a halt.

"We'll give them the contents of the pistols and resume the retreat," he said; "I want to make things lively and interesting for the redcoats as possible."

The youths did not dismount, but rode just far enough down the farther side of the knoll so that by bending forward on the necks of their horses they would not be seen by the enemy until they chose to raise their heads, which would be when they wished to fire the volley.

Dick cautioned the youths to be ready to act upon instant, and then he listened to the thunder of the proaching hoofs, and calculated by the sound how far the horses were. He had had a great deal of practice in such work, and felt that he would not be much at fault. He waited till he thought the time had come for the youths to act, and then he suddenly cried:

"Up, boys!"

The youths straightened up in their saddles in an instant, and a glance showed them that the redcoats were just over the top of the knoll. "Take aim!" cried Dick, and the youths obeyed.

"Fire!"

Crash—roar! The report rang out loudly, and four of the British troopers were seen to throw up their hands and fell to the ground, while wild yells of rage and surprise escaped the lips of the rest.

"Now away with you!" cried Dick, and the youths whirled their horses and dashed down the slope with the speed of the wind. So quick was the manoeuvre executed that the redcoats did not have time to fire before the enemy had dropped out of sight below the brow of the hill, and by the time they got to the top of the knoll the youths were almost out of musket-shot distance.

The redcoats, hoping to be able to do some damage, however, leveled their muskets and fired, but although some of the bullets reached the daring youths, and one or two were slightly wounded, no material damage was done.

"Good!" cried Dick. "We got through that splendidly. I guess the redcoats will begin to think that this is going to be such a nice thing for them, after all."

And, indeed, the redcoats were thinking that very thing. More, they were wild with rage, and the captain turned black in the face with anger and as a result of the conditions he had made in cursing and urging his men on.



"We must catch those scoundrels, boys!" he cried. "It is not to be said that a score of youngsters were able to kill a number of brave British soldiers and bid defiance ten times their number! After them till we catch them or our horses fall dead in their tracks!"

"That's what will happen, I guess, captain," said one of the men; "their horses are fresher than ours and we shall never reach them."

"But we must catch them! We have got to catch them!"

"Well, if we can't, we can't, that's all."

Dick and his companions were working away at their tools, reloading the weapons, and were almost upon a party of nearly a hundred horsemen before they saw them. An exclamation from Fred called Dick's attention to the newcomers, and at a glance the youth saw that the new-comers were patriot soldiers—though they were not the 'Liberty Boys,' as he had hoped would prove to be the case. He waved his hand and gestured to the approaching soldiers. "Turn around!" he called out. "Turn around and ride in the other direction. We are pursued by nearly a hundred redcoats."

The youths had just turned around a bend and had got out of sight of their pursuers for the moment.

The newcomers whirled their horses and rode back in the direction from which they had just come, and when Dick and his companions caught up with them he told their leader, who was one of Lafayette's officers, just how they were situated.

"Can't we stop and take refuge in the timber at the roadside and give it to them as they come along?" the captain asked.

"Yes, we might do that; but I think it will be better to wait till we get to the top of that hill, yonder. We will be able to make a stand there and fight them off, I am sure."

"All right; it's just as you say, Dick."

"How does it happen that the 'Liberty Boys' didn't get away?" Dick asked.

"They were away when the messenger got there. Away?"

"Yes; Lafayette sent them down south, somewhere, on the James River, on some kind of an errand, and they didn't get back till next day, so he decided to send us."

"Oh, that is the way of it?"

"Yes; and he told me to tell you he would send the 'Liberty Boys' as soon as they got back."

"All right."

"Who are these youths with you?" the captain asked.

"Boys who live in the neighborhood."

"Ah, I understand. And the big fellow?" glancing wonderingly at the giant.

"He is a hunter and trapper; he is a strong patriot, and has joined forces with me as he is eager to be the one to kill Arnold, the traitor."

"Well, I pity Arnold, if that fellow ever gets his hands on him."

"So do I."

Onward rode the party. It soon reached the top of the hill in question and then all dismounted, and, tying their horses, took up their positions on both sides of the road.

On came the redcoats, and as soon as they were within musket-shot distance Dick gave the order to fire.

Crash—roar! the volley rang out and a dozen of the dragoons dropped from their saddles.

"Now, ready with your pistols!" cried Dick. "And when I give the word, give them another volley."

Still the redcoats came on, and when they were near enough Dick gave the command to fire. The volley rang out and three more dragoons went down. With wild yells they fired a volley, but it did no damage to speak of, as the patriots and youths were sheltered behind the trees and underbrush.

"Give them another volley!" cried Dick, and the men obeyed.

This proved to be more than the redcoats could stand, and with wild yells of rage they whirled their horses and galloped back down the slope faster than they had come.

"Good!" cried Dick. "We have taught them a lesson they will not soon forget."

The redcoats were very angry, indeed. They stopped half a mile away to hold a council of war. They realized that there was quite a force of the "rebels," and that they would have to go slow and be very careful if they were to get the better of the enemy.

At last, after considerable discussion, it was decided to send back to Petersburg for reinforcements; the wounded dragoons could be taken back at the same time.

This was done, and the redcoats retired a mile, to the top of the knoll, and went into camp.

"Now what does that mean, I wonder?" thought Dick, who had climbed a tree and been a witness to the movements of the British. "It looks as if they were going to wait till nightfall to continue the affair."

He waited till he was sure the enemy had gone into camp to stay a while, and then climbed back down out of the tree. He told the captain what he had seen and they talked the matter over and finally came to the conclusion



that the redcoats had decided to wait for darkness before continuing the fight.

"Well, I don't see where they will gain anything by that," said Dick.

"Neither do I," from the captain.

As the redcoats had gone into camp Dick decided that they might as well do so also, and they did. Then sentinels were put out, making it impossible for the British to surprise them, and the patriots disposed themselves in such fashion as would enable them to take things easy.

As they would have to have something to eat, Dick decided to send to the home of Mr. Hanks for food. He selected Fred Ferris and Joe Parks for the task, and they set out at once.

It was only two miles to Mr. Hanks' and the youths were soon there. As they alighted from their horses at the front gate Fred said to Joe: "You take the horses and go on back to the stable with them. We will borrow the wagon and some harness and haul the provisions back to camp."

"All right," replied Joe.

Fred passed through the gate and walked up the path to the house. The front door was open and he entered without knocking. He heard the sound of singing, from the kitchen, and he opened the door and saw that the singer was Sallie, who was doing some work. She was alone, and as the door opened she looked up and gave utterance to a little cry of fear. Then as she saw who it was a smile came over her face, and she said: "Oh, it's you, is it, Fred?"

Fred's heart thrilled with joy as he saw the girl's face and heard her voice. In an instant he realized that Sallie was her old self again, that she was sane.

"Yes, it is I, Sallie. Are you glad to see me?" Fred's voice trembled in spite of his efforts to keep it from doing so.

The girl laughed again and said, frankly: "You know I am glad to see you, Fred. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well, I didn't know whether you would be or not, Sallie."

"I am always glad to see my friends, Fred."

His heart sank. He was a "friend," nothing more. But he reflected that if he were once more installed as a friend, and free to come when he chose, he might hope to win the love of the beautiful, sad-faced girl. He would take what he could get and work for more. Friendship first; later on, love. Fred was a sensible, philosophical youth, and he entered into conversation with Sallie and talked about various things until Mrs. Hanks came in.

After he had greeted Mrs. Hanks Fred told her what was there. "There are one hundred and twenty men on the hill two miles south of here," he explained, "and they have sent Joe Parks and me here to get provisions. Now, can you spare us some, Mrs. Hanks?"

"Of course we can, Fred," was the prompt reply; "you don't take it the redcoats in all probability will go ahead and take all you want. There are a lot of hams, an' shoulders, an' oshuns uv bacon. Jes' take what you want."

"And will you lend us the wagon to haul it in?"

"Uv course."

This was just what Fred wanted, and he and Joe went to work with a will. They harnessed the two horses, loaded them to the wagon, into which they loaded a lot of hams, shoulders and bacon, several bushels of Irish sweet potatoes, and a dozen loaves of bread, and then, many thanks to Mrs. Hanks, they drove away.

"Did you get to talk to Sallie any?" asked Joe Parks as they drove down the road. He was Fred's chum, and knew all about his love for Sallie.

"Yes, Joe," was the reply.

"How did she seem?"

"As sane as you or I, Joe."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. Maybe she will get over that affair about Captain Glencoe, after all."

"I hope so, Joe."

"So do I; and then maybe you can make up with her again, old fellow."

"I wish that it would turn out that way."

"How did she treat you?"

"She was pleasant as one could ask."

Joe nodded. "She'll be all right after a while. You have a little patience and you'll come out all right, Fred."

It did not take the youths very long to reach camp, and their coming was hailed with delight.

"I see you have got some provisions," said Dick, taking a look into the wagon.

"Yes; Mrs. Hanks said for us to take all we wanted, as if we did not take it the redcoats probably would. She would rather we had it than that they should."

The patriot soldiers went to work to cook dinner, and it did not take them long. The meat, bread, with the potatoes, both Irish and sweet, making a feast fit for any army, as they said, again and again.

After dinner Dick strolled down the road in the direction of the camp.



the redcoat encampment. He wished to do a little, and if possible, learn what the enemy intended.

This was rather dangerous work in the daytime, but Dick was an expert, and was as skilled in woodcraft as any man, and he managed to get within a short distance of the British encampment, by going around and approaching from the southward—the redcoats not having sentinels out on that side.

Dick remained in his position an hour or more and hoped that reinforcements had been sent for. He thought of sending his men and making an attack on the British when the reinforcements came, but he hesitated to do so as he knew it would be impossible to take the enemy by surprise. True, he had crept up close enough to be able to shoot down men from where he lay, but the patriot force could not hope to get close enough to them without being seen. No, he decided, finally, that it would be best to remain on the defensive.

"That will keep the advantage with us, I think, even though they outnumber us," he said to himself. Then he stole away and made his way back to the patriot camp.

Dick kept a man in the top of one of the tallest trees on the hill where they were encamped, and he kept close on the encampment of the enemy. The afternoon passed away and supper-time came and still the reinforcements had not put in an appearance. Neither had they when darkness settled over all, and made it impossible to see what was going on in the British camp. "We will put out a double line of sentinels and be in readiness to welcome the enemy if they make an attack to-night," said Dick.

## CHAPTER IX.

### "THE LIBERTY BOYS' 'SWOOP.'"

At the enemy did not make an attack that night. The morning came, bright and clear, and there had been no fighting; all had been calm and peaceful.

Immediately after breakfast Dick set out on a scouting expedition.

"I wish to find out whether or not the reinforcements have come here during the night," he said; "and if they did, I would like to learn what the intentions of the British are."

So he made his way to the vicinity of the British encampment, and managed to get close enough to see and to a certain extent hear what was going on.

It did not take him long to learn that the reinforcements had come. They had got there late, undoubtedly, and were stretched out, sleeping. Dick remained there for half an hour and learned that an attack on the patriot force would be made during the day. Then he stole away and returned to the patriot camp.

"We'll make as strong a stand as we can," he said to the captain; "they outnumber us four to one, but we will be able to make it warm for them, notwithstanding, I think."

"We'll do the best we can," the captain agreed.

All was quiet till nearly eleven o'clock, and then the sentinel reported that the British were coming.

"They are riding at a gallop," the sentinel said, "and there is such a large force that I fear we shall be unable to stand against them."

"We will hold our ground as long as we can," said Dick, "and then we will mount our horses and beat a retreat."

The men were all in their places, and they awaited the coming of the British, calmly. They would do the best they could, and that was as good as could be done.

Soon the redcoats were in sight, and they came on at a gallop, their brilliant uniforms making a brave showing, and their weapons glittering in the sunlight.

Onward, up the slope, they came, without faltering or slackening speed in the least, and Dick sent the order along for the men to get ready. Nearer and nearer came the redcoats, and then Dick gave the order to take aim.

The men leveled their muskets and rifles and then at the word to fire from Dick they discharged the weapons. The roar was almost deafening, and then on the air rose wild yells, shouts and curses. A number of the redcoats had gone down, but the rest came on as unfalteringly as ever. Nothing, seemingly, could stop that charge.

"Now with the pistols, men!" cried Dick. "Aim and fire quickly."

The men obeyed, firing two volleys from their pistols. This did considerable damage among the redcoats, but they were at work also and were firing as they came. Their shots did not do much damage, however, as the patriot soldiers were under cover. Dick saw it would be folly to remain where they were any longer, however, and gave the word to retreat.

The patriot soldiers and the youths under Fred Ferris obeyed the order instantly, and, leaving their stations, ran to where their horses were, mounted, and dashed away.



After them came the redcoats, firing volleys from their pistols, and it was a lively scene, to say the least. Dick and the patriot soldiers reloaded their pistols as they rode, and as soon as they had succeeded in this they fired return volleys at their pursuers.

Down into a valley, across it and up the slope rode the patriots, and after them came the redcoats. Then of a sudden came a surprise. Out from among the trees, half way up the slope, dashed a party of horsemen to the number of a hundred, at least, and as they came in sight a ringing cheer came from them, which was answered by the patriot soldiers.

"Thank heaven! it is my brave 'Liberty Boys'!" cried Dick. "Now, we will give the British a fight such as they are not looking for!"

It was a magnificent sight, the hundred splendid riders dashing down the slope with the speed and force of an avalanche, and the redcoats saw them coming and hesitated.

Well might they hesitate, for the "Liberty Boys" swooped down upon the redcoats with such fury that they were scattered like chaff before the wind. "Down with the king! Long live Liberty!" was the cry from the "Liberty Boys," and they went ahead in a manner to make their words remembered.

They fired their pistols right and left and then drew their swords and continued the attack. The redcoats had become demoralized, and the youths did not give them a chance to recover from the feeling of demoralization. They followed up their advantage and used it for all it was worth. Dick and the men under him joined the "Liberty Boys" and assisted in the work, and the allied forces made a clean sweep of it and drove the British from the field in utter confusion.

It was a complete rout, the redcoats fleeing in every direction, each and every man for himself. When there were no more redcoats to be seen the patriot force ceased its operations, and Dick and the men under him greeted the "Liberty Boys" joyously.

"You came just in time, boys!" said Dick. "The redcoats had us on the run."

"Yes, and it didn't take us long to get them on the run," grinned Bob Estabrook, a bright, handsome youth of about Dick's age. He was Dick's right-hand man, and always commanded the "Liberty Boys" in the youth's absence.

"You certainly scattered them like chaff!" said Dick.

"Yes; the way we swooped down on them was a caution," grinned Bob. "They were not expecting anything of the kind, and that made it better for us."

"Yes, so it did."

The patriots now went all around and gathered up the dead and wounded. It was found that five had been killed and seven wounded. Of the five, four were soldiers in a party that had been under Dick, and one was from a party of youths under Fred Ferris. Another of the youths was wounded, two of the soldiers under Dick had been wounded and the other four were "Liberty Boys."

"We'll bury our dead here and then take the wounded to Mr. Hanks' home," said Dick; and this was done. The dead and wounded redcoats were left where they lay, they would be looked after by their comrades, who would undoubtedly return shortly.

Of the seven wounded men, only three were so seriously wounded as to require being left in the care of the Hanks, but one of the three was Fred Ferris, who had received a bullet through the right shoulder. It was a severe wound but not necessarily fatal, but the thought that Fred might die evidently had the effect of making Sallie think. She looked very sober, and asked her mother to have Fred taken to her (Sallie's) room. Mrs. Hanks was willing, for she liked Fred, and had hoped that Sallie would one day marry him.

"You can sleep with me, then," she said, "and my father can sleep on a blanket on the floor, while the other two wounded men have the other bed."

So it was arranged, and Sallie said she would help nurse the sick men—which she did, too; but she managed to spend more time with Fred than with the other two. Mr. Hanks was satisfied to have it that way, and she attended to the wants of the two men herself, most of the time.

We may as well state here as elsewhere that Sallie for herself liking Fred better and better, and that by the time he was able to walk about she was more in love with him than she had been with Captain Glencoe. The bright, handsome face and the unfailing good nature of the wounded youth had won her over.

When Fred discovered his good fortune he was the proudest young fellow in all Virginia, and he told Sallie.

"I'm glad I got wounded, now," he said; "since it has been the means of getting you to love me!"

"And I am glad, too, Fred!" said the girl, shyly.

Thus we will leave them.

Dick expected that the redcoats would get together and make another attack, since they had the superior number of men, and so he made arrangements to give them a warm reception.

South of Mr. Hanks' place, half a mile, was a rise where



road made a turn, and here Dick stationed his little party. He sent out a double row of sentinels, in all directions, for he was determined not to be taken by surprise, and then waited.

Perhaps the most dissatisfied man in the camp was Sam Sherlock, the giant. He wished to get a chance at Arnold, and would not be satisfied till his wish was gratified.

"Did you take notice of any one among the redcoats who might be Arnold, Dick?" he asked.

Dick shook his head. "No, I don't think Arnold is among them, this time," the youth replied.

The giant's face fell. He pondered a while and then said: "If you have no objections, Dick, I believe I will make my departure."

"You have a perfect right to go, if you wish to do so, Sam," the youth replied; "but where do you think of going?"

"Down toward Petersburg."

"It will be dangerous to venture down that way, now."

"Oh, not for me."

"Well, it won't be as dangerous for you as for some people, but it will be dangerous, nevertheless."

The giant was silent a few moments, and then he said: "Well, I guess I'll go over to my cabin and see how things are there, anyway."

"Will you be back?"

"Yes, I'll come back and stay with you till after the redcoats have got through and gone back to Petersburg."

"Very well; I shall be glad to have you with us when it comes to a fight, for you are worth three or four ordinary men in a fight."

The big fellow flushed and said: "I guess you are just kidding for fun, Dick."

"No, I mean it."

"All right; I'll be back in an hour or so."

He took his departure, and, true to his word, was back again an hour and a half later. He went at once to Dick, and there was a look of excitement, not unmixed with nervousness, on his face as he said:

"Dick, what do you suppose I found at my cabin?"

"I don't know, Sam," was the reply. "What did you find?"

"You remember the dwarf, Rowlando?"

Dick nodded. "Yes, I remember him;" and he smiled as he remembered how he had seen the dwarf disappearing from the top of the cabin, like a trounced frog, the night he came with the redcoats to Sherlock's cabin.

"You remember that I threw him over the cabin?"

"Yes."

"Well, we came away without looking behind the cabin; but I happened to look there to-day, and what do you think I found?"

"I don't know. What?"

"Well," slowly, "I'll tell you: Back behind the house I have a stake driven into the ground. The top of it is sharpened, and I hook the animals I catch in my traps on the point of this stake so as to enable me to skin them handily."

"Yes."

"Well, Rowlando, when he came down the other night, struck on the point of that stake!" After a brief pause: "It went clear through him, and I doubt if he ever knew what hurt him. I am sorry, for I didn't intend to kill him, but it can't be helped now."

"You are right," said Dick; "it can't be helped, and I don't know but what, judging by what I saw of him, he deserved his fate."

"Maybe he did. Well, I gave his body decent burial, anyway."

The redcoats did not make another attack, after all. A messenger recalled them to Petersburg on account of the arrival of General Cornwallis, who relieved Arnold; the arch-traitor returning to New York. This was a disappointment to Sherlock, who had set his heart on killing Arnold, but he bore his disappointment as best he could.

The "Liberty Boys" did a lot of good work done in Virginia before returning to the North, but that is another story; the story of THE LIBERTY BOYS' "SWOOP" is ended.

## THE END.

The next number (75) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' 'HOT TIME'; OR, LIVELY WORK IN OLD VIRGINIA," by Harry Moore.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE  
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered, as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 207.

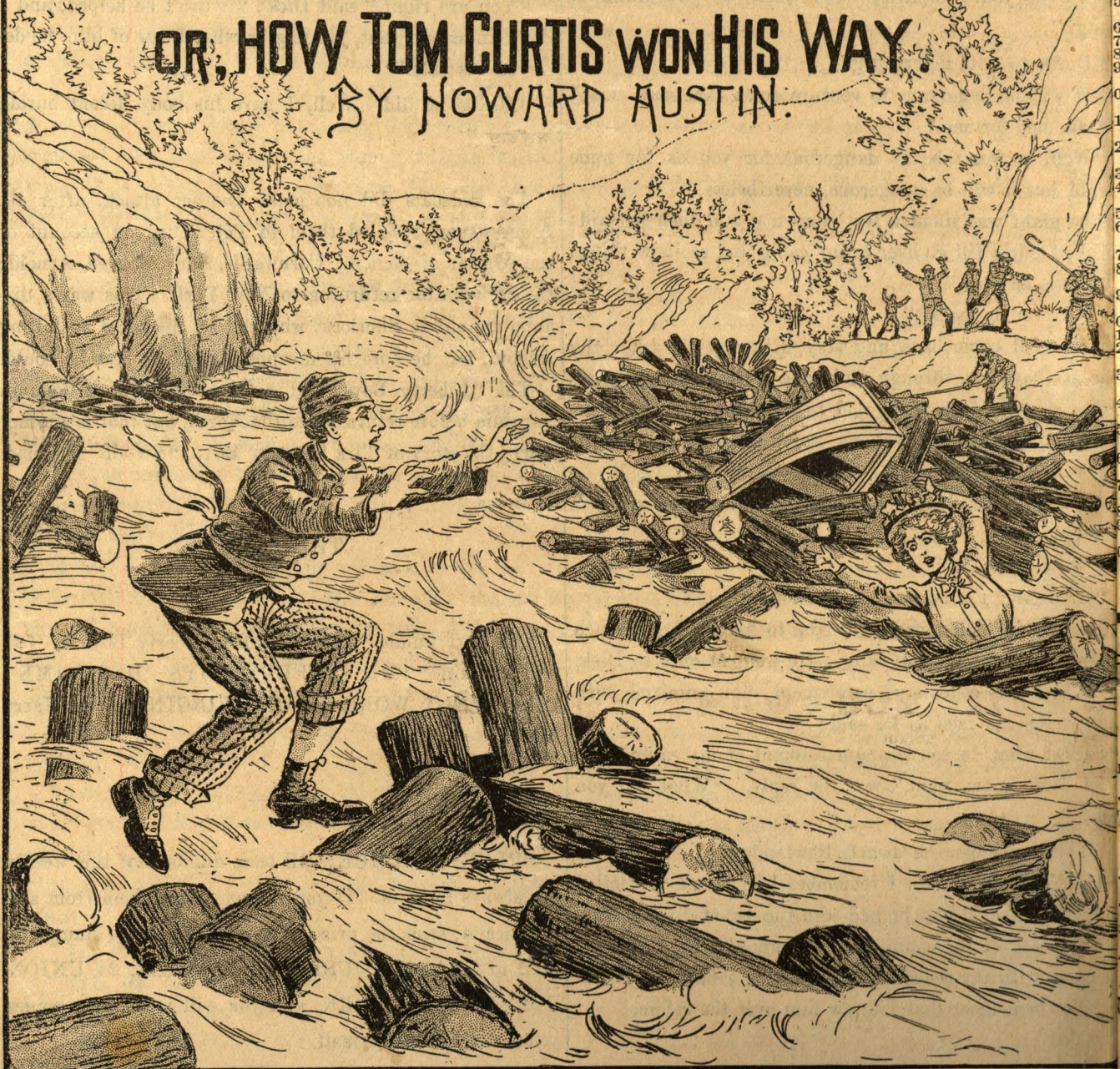
NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

## GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

### OR, HOW TOM CURTIS WON HIS WAY

BY HOWARD AUSTIN.



Tom sprang out upon the fearful, whirling mass of logs. On and on he went, gradually drawing nearer to the girl, who was struggling for life amid the moving logs.



# PLUCK AND LUCK.

CONTAINS ALL SORTS OF STORIES. EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

32 PAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED COVERS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 5 The Boy Banker; or, From a Cent to a Million. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 6 Shore Line Sam, the Young Southern Engineer; or, Railroading in War Times. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 7 On the Brink; or, The Perils of Social Drinking. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 8 The 13th of October, 1863. By Allyn Draper.
- 9 Through an Unknown Land; or, The Boy Canoeist of the Quanza. By Allan Arnold.
- 10 The Blue Door. A Romance of Mystery. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 11 Running with No. 6; or, The Boy Firemen of Franklin. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 12 Little Red Cloud, The Boy Indian Chief. By an Old Scout.
- 13 Safety-Valve Steve; or, The Boy Engineer of the R. H. & W. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 14 The Drunkard's Victim. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 15 Abandoned; or, The Wolf Man of the Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 16 The Two Schools at Oakdale; or, The Rival Students of Corrina Lake. By Allyn Draper.
- 17 The Farmer's Son; or, A Young Clerk's Downfall. A Story of Country and City Life. By Howard Austin.
- 18 The Old Stone Jug; or, Wine, Cards and Ruin. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 19 Jack Wright and His Deep Sea Monitor; or, Searching for a Ton of Gold. By "Noname."
- 20 The Richest Boy in the World; or, The Wonderful Adventures of a Young American. By Allyn Draper.
- 21 The Haunted Lake. A Strange Story. By Allyn Draper.
- 22 In the Frozen North; or, Ten Years in the Ice. By Howard Austin.
- 23 Around the World on a Bicycle. A Story of Adventures in Many Lands. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 24 Young Captain Rock; or, The First of the White Boys. By Allyn Draper.
- 25 A Sheet of Blotting Paper; or, The Adventures of a Young Inventor. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 26 The Diamond Island; or, Astray in a Balloon. By Allan Arnold.
- 27 In the Saddle from New York to San Francisco. By Allyn Draper.
- 28 The Haunted Mill on the Marsh. By Howard Austin.
- 29 The Young Crusader. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 30 The Island of Fire; or, The Fate of a Missing Ship. By Allan Arnold.
- 31 The Witch Hunter's Ward; or, The Hunted Orphans of Salem. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 32 The Castaway's Kingdom; or, A Yankee Sailor Boy's Pluck. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 33 Worth a Million; or, A Boy's Fight for Justice. By Allyn Draper.
- 34 The Drunkard's Warning; or, The Fruits of the Wine Cup. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 35 The Black Diver; or, Dick Sherman in the Gulf. By Allan Arnold.
- 36 The Haunted Belfry; or, the Mystery of the Old Church Tower. By Howard Austin.
- 37 The House with Three Windows. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 38 Three Old Men of the Sea; or, The Boys of Grey Rock Beach. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 39 3,000 Years Old; or, The Lost Gold Mine of the Hachepee Hills. By Allyn Draper.
- 40 Lost in the Ice. By Howard Austin.
- 41 The Yellow Diamond; or, Groping in the Dark. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 42 The Land of Gold; or, Yankee Jack's Adventures in Early Australia. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 43 On the Plains with Buffalo Bill; or, Two Years in the Wild West. By an Old Scout.
- 44 The Cavern of Fire; or, The Thrilling Adventures of Professor Hardcastle and Jack Merton. By Allyn Draper.
- 45 Water-logged; or, Lost in the Sea of Grass. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 46 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Exploring Central Asia in His Magnetic "Hurricane." By "Noname."
- 47 Lot 77; or, Sold to the Highest Bidder. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 48 The Boy Canoeist; or, 1,000 Miles in a Canoe. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 49 Captain Kidd, Jr.; or, The Treasure Hunters of Long Island. By Allan Arnold.
- 50 The Red Leather Bag. A Weird Story of Land and Sea. By Howard Austin.
- 171 "The Lone Star"; or, The Masked Riders of Texas. By Allyn Draper.
- 172 A New York Boy out With Stanley; or, A Journey Through Africa. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 173 Afloat With Captain Nemo; or, The Mystery of Whirlpool Island. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 174 Two Boys' Trip to an Unknown Planet. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 175 The Two Diamonds; or, A Mystery of the South African Mines. By Howard Austin.
- 176 Joe, the Gymnast; or, Three Years Among the Japs. By Allan Arnold.
- 177 Jack Hawthorne, of No Man's Land; or, An Uncrowned King. By "Noname."
- 178 Gun-Boat Dick; or, Death Before Dishonor. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 179 A Wizard of Wall Street; or, The Career of Henry Carew, Boy Banker. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 180 Fifty Riders in Black; or, The Ravens of Raven Forest. By Howard Austin.
- 181 The Boy Rifle Rangers; or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts. By an Old Scout.
- 182 Where? or, Washed into an Unknown World. By "Noname."
- 183 Fred Fearnought, the Boy Commander; or, The Wolves of the Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 184 From Cowboy to Congressman; or, The Rise of a Young Ranchman. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 185 Sam Spark, the Brave Young Fireman; or, Always the First on Hand. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 186 The Poorest Boy in New York, and How He Became Rich. By N. S. Wood, the Young American Actor.
- 187 Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor; or, Hunting for a Sunken Treasure. By "Noname."
- 188 On Time; or, The Young Engineer Rivals. An Exciting Story of Railroading in the Northwest. By Jas. C. Merritt.
- 189 Red Jacket; or, The Boys of the Farmhouse Fort. By an Old Scout.
- 190 His First Glass of Wine; or, The Temptations of City Life. A True Temperance Story. By Jno. B. Dowd.
- 191 The Coral City; or, The Wonderful Cruise of the Yacht Vesta. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 192 Making a Million; or, A Smart Boy's Career in Wall Street. By H. K. Shackelford.
- 193 Jack Wright and His Electric Turtle; or, Chasing the Pirates of the Spanish Main. By "Noname."
- 194 Flyer Dave, the Boy Jockey; or, Riding the Winner. By Allyn Draper.
- 195 The Twenty Gray Wolves; or, Fighting A Crafty King. By Howard Austin.
- 196 The Palace of Gold; or, The Secret of a Lost Race. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 197 Jack Wright's Submarine Catamaran; or, The Phantom Ship of the Yellow Sea. By "Noname."
- 198 A Monte Cristo at 18; or, From Slave to Avenger. By Allyn Draper.
- 199 The Floating Gold Mine; or, Adrift in an Unknown Sea. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 200 Moll Pitcher's Boy; or, As Brave as His Mother. By Gen'l Jas. A. Gordon.
- 201 "We." By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 202 Jack Wright and His Ocean Racer; or, Around the World in 20 Days. By "Noname."
- 203 The Boy Pioneers; or, Tracking an Indian Treasure. By Allyn Draper.
- 204 Still Alarm Sam, the Daring Boy Fireman; or, Sure to Be On Hand. By Ex-Fire Chief Warden.
- 205 Lost on the Ocean; or, Ben Bluff's Last Voyage. By Capt. Thos. H. Wilson.
- 206 Jack Wright and His Electric Canoe; or, Working in the Revenue Service. By "Noname."
- 207 Give Him a Chance; or, How Tom Curtis Won His Way. By Howard Austin.
- 208 Jack and I; or, The Secrets of King Pharaoh's Caves. By Richard R. Montgomery.
- 209 Buried 5,000 Years; or, The Treasure of the Aztecs. By Allyn Draper.
- 210 Jack Wright's Air and Water Cutter; or, Wonderful Adventures on the Wing and Afloat. By "Noname."

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by  
**RANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, New York.

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by registered mail.  
**POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

RANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. 190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find . . . cents for which please send me:

.. copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos. . . . .

.. " " PLUCK AND LUCK " . . . . .

.. " " SECRET SERVICE " . . . . .

.. " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos. . . . .

.. " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos. . . . .

ame. . . . . Street and No. . . . . Town. . . . . State. . . . .



# WORK AND WIN.

The Best Weekly Published.

ALL THE NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS IN PRINT.

READ ONE AND YOU WILL READ THEM ALL.

## LATEST ISSUES:

- 63 Fred Fearnot and Oom Paul; or, Battling for the Boers.  
64 Fred Fearnot in Johannesburg; or, The Terrible Ride to Kimberley.  
65 Fred Fearnot in Kaffir-land; or, Hunting for the Lost Diamond.  
66 Fred Fearnot's Lariat; or, How He Caught His Man.  
67 Fred Fearnot's Wild West Show; or, The Biggest Thing on Earth.  
68 Fred Fearnot's Great Tour; or, Managing an Opera Queen.  
69 Fred Fearnot's Minstrels; or, Terry's Great Hit as an End Man.  
70 Fred Fearnot and the Duke; or, Baffling a Fortune Hunter.  
71 Fred Fearnot's Day; or, The Great Reunion at Avon.  
72 Fred Fearnot in the South; or, Out with Old Bill Bland.  
73 Fred Fearnot's Museum; or, Backing Knowledge with Fun.  
74 Fred Fearnot's Athletic School; or, Making Brain and Brawn.  
75 Fred Fearnot Mystified; or, The Disappearance of Terry Olcott.  
76 Fred Fearnot and the Governor; or, Working Hard to Save a Life.  
77 Fred Fearnot's Mistake; or, Up Against His Match.  
78 Fred Fearnot in Texas; or, Terry's Man from Abilene.  
79 Fred Fearnot as a Sheriff; or, Breaking up a Desperate Gang.  
80 Fred Fearnot Baffled; or, Outwitted by a Woman.  
81 Fred Fearnot's Wit, and How It Saved His Life.  
82 Fred Fearnot's Great Prize; or, Working Hard to Win.  
83 Fred Fearnot at Bay; or, His Great Fight for Life.  
84 Fred Fearnot's Disguise; or, Following a Strange Clew.  
85 Fred Fearnot's Moose Hunt; or, Adventures in the Maine Woods.  
86 Fred Fearnot's Oratory; or, Fun at the Girls' High School.  
87 Fred Fearnot's Big Heart; or, Giving the Poor a Chance.  
88 Fred Fearnot Accused; or, Tricked by a Villain.  
89 Fred Fearnot's Pluck; or, Winning Against Odds.  
90 Fred Fearnot's Deadly Peril; or, His Narrow Escape from Ruin.  
91 Fred Fearnot's Wild Ride; or, Saving Dick Duncan's Life.  
92 Fred Fearnot's Long Chase; or, Trailing a Cunning Villain.  
93 Fred Fearnot's Last Shot, and How It Saved a Life.  
94 Fred Fearnot's Common Sense; or, The Best Way Out of Trouble.  
95 Fred Fearnot's Great Find; or, Saving Terry Olcott's Fortune.  
96 Fred Fearnot and the Sultan; or, Adventures on the Island of Sulu.  
97 Fred Fearnot's Silvery Tongue; or, Winning an Angry Mob.  
98 Fred Fearnot's Strategy; or, Outwitting a Troublesome Couple.  
99 Fred Fearnot's Little Joke; or, Worrying Dick and Terry.  
100 Fred Fearnot's Muscle; or, Holding His Own Against Odds.  
101 Fred Fearnot on Hand; or, Showing Up at the Right Time.  
102 Fred Fearnot's Puzzle; or, Worrying the Bunco Steerers.  
103 Fred Fearnot and Evelyn; or, The Infatuated Rival.  
104 Fred Fearnot's Wager; or, Downing a Brutal Sport.  
105 Fred Fearnot at St. Simons; or, The Mystery of a Georgia Island.  
106 Fred Fearnot Deceived; or, After the Wrong Man.  
107 Fred Fearnot's Charity; or, Teaching Others a Lesson.  
108 Fred Fearnot as "The Judge"; or, Heading off the Lynchers.  
109 Fred Fearnot and the Clown; or, Saving the Old Man's Place.  
110 Fred Fearnot's Fine Work; or, Up Against a Crank.  
111 Fred Fearnot's Bad Break; or, What Happened to Jones.  
112 Fred Fearnot's Round Up; or, A Lively Time on the Rancho.  
113 Fred Fearnot and the Giant; or, A Hot Time in Cheyenne.  
114 Fred Fearnot's Cool Nerve; or, Giving It Straight to the Boys.  
115 Fred Fearnot's Way; or, Doing Up a Sharper.  
116 Fred Fearnot in a Fix; or, The Blackmailer's Game.  
117 Fred Fearnot as a "Broncho Buster"; or, A Great Time in the Wild West.  
118 Fred Fearnot and His Mascot; or, Evelyn's Fearless Ride.  
119 Fred Fearnot's Strong Arm; or, The Bad Man of Arizona.  
120 Fred Fearnot as a "Tenderfoot"; or, Having Fun with the Cowboys.  
121 Fred Fearnot Captured; or, In the Hands of His Enemies.  
122 Fred Fearnot and the Banker; or, A Schemer's Trap to Ruin Him.  
123 Fred Fearnot's Great Feat; or, Winning a Fortune on Skates.  
124 Fred Fearnot's Iron Will; or, Standing Up for the Right.  
125 Fred Fearnot Cornered; or, Evelyn and the Widow.  
126 Fred Fearnot's Daring Scheme; or, Ten Days in an Insane Asylum.  
127 Fred Fearnot's Honor; or, Backing Up His Word.  
128 Fred Fearnot and the Lawyer; or, Young Billy Dedham's Case.  
129 Fred Fearnot at West Point; or, Having Fun with the Hazers.  
130 Fred Fearnot's Secret Society; or, The Knights of the Black Ring.  
131 Fred Fearnot and the Gambler; or, The Trouble on the Lak Front.  
132 Fred Fearnot's Challenge; or, King of the Diamond Field.  
133 Fred Fearnot's Great Game; or, The Hard Work That Won.  
134 Fred Fearnot in Atlanta; or, The Black Friend of Darktown.  
135 Fred Fearnot's Open Hand; or, How He Helped a Friend.  
136 Fred Fearnot in Debate; or, The Warmest Member of the House.  
137 Fred Fearnot's Great Plea; or, His Defence of the "Moneyless Man."  
138 Fred Fearnot at Princeton; or, The Battle of the Champions.  
139 Fred Fearnot's Circus; or, High Old Time at New Era.  
140 Fred Fearnot's Camp Hunt; or, The White Deer of the Adirondacks.  
141 Fred Fearnot and His Guide; or, The Mystery of the Mountains.  
142 Fred Fearnot's County Fair; or, The Battle of the Fakirs.  
143 Fred Fearnot a Prisoner; or, Captured at Avon.  
144 Fred Fearnot and the Senator; or, Breaking up a Scheme.  
145 Fred Fearnot and the Baron; or, Calling Down a Nobleman.  
146 Fred Fearnot and the Brokers; or, Ten Days in Wall Street.  
147 Fred Fearnot's Little Scrap; or, The Fellow Who Wouldn't Stand Whipped.  
148 Fred Fearnot's Greatest Danger; or, Ten Days with the Moonshiners.  
149 Fred Fearnot and the Kidnappers; or, Trailing a Stolen Child.  
150 Fred Fearnot's Quick Work; or, The Hold Up at Eagle Pass.  
151 Fred Fearnot at Silver Gulch; or, Defying a Ring.  
152 Fred Fearnot on the Border; or, Punishing the Mexican Horse Stealers.  
153 Fred Fearnot's Charmed Life; or, Running the Gauntlet.  
154 Fred Fearnot Lost; or, Missing for Thirty Days.  
155 Fred Fearnot's Rescue; or, The Mexican Pocahontas.  
156 Fred Fearnot and the "White Caps"; or, A Queer Turning of the Tables.  
157 Fred Fearnot and the Medium; or, Having Fun with the "Spirits."  
158 Fred Fearnot and the "Mean Man"; or, The Worst He Ever Struck.  
159 Fred Fearnot's Gratitude; or, Backing Up a Plucky Boy.  
160 Fred Fearnot Fined; or, The Judge's Mistake.  
161 Fred Fearnot's Comic Opera; or, The Fun that Raised the Funds.  
162 Fred Fearnot and the Anarchists; or, The Burning of the Red Flag.  
163 Fred Fearnot's Lecture Tour; or, Going it Alone.  
164 Fred Fearnot's "New Wild West"; or, Astonishing the Old East.  
165 Fred Fearnot in Russia; or, Banished by the Czar.  
166 Fred Fearnot in Turkey; or, Defying the Sultan.  
167 Fred Fearnot in Vienna; or, The Trouble on the Danube.  
168 Fred Fearnot and the Kaiser; or, In the Royal Palace at Berlin.  
169 Fred Fearnot in Ireland; or, Watched by the Constabulary.  
170 Fred Fearnot Homeward Bound; or, Shadowed by Scotland Yard.  
171 Fred Fearnot's Justice; or, The Champion of the School Marms.  
172 Fred Fearnot and the Gypsies; or, The Mystery of a Stoic Child.  
173 Fred Fearnot's Silent Hunt; or, Catching the "Green Goods."  
174 Fred Fearnot's Big Day; or, Harvard and Yale at New Era.  
175 Fred Fearnot and "The Doctor"; or, The Indian Medicine Fakir.  
176 Fred Fearnot and the Lynchers; or, Saving a Girl Horse Thief.  
177 Fred Fearnot's Wonderful Feat; or, The Taming of Black Beauty.  
178 Fred Fearnot's Great Struggle; or, Downing a Senator.  
179 Fred Fearnot's Jubilee; or, New Era's Greatest Day.  
180 Fred Fearnot and Samson; or, "Who Runs This Town?"  
181 Fred Fearnot and the Rioters; or, Backing up the Sheriff.  
182 Fred Fearnot and the Stage Robber; or, His Chase for a Stolen Diamond.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, New York

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

....." " PLUCK AND LUCK " .....

....." " SECRET SERVICE " .....

....." " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

....." " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....



## THE STAGE.

- No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the best famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.
- No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.
- No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.
- No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of the great wit, humorist and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.
- No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.
- No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

- No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.
- No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books in cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.
- No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

- No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.
- No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.
- No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

- No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.** By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading his book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.
- No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.
- No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.
- No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.
- No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours and many other popular games of cards.
- No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

- No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.
- No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

- No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing four-teen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

- No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.
- No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE.** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.
- No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.
- No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.
- No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

- No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.
- No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowlaw.
- No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.
- No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.
- No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.
- No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete handbook for making all kinds of candy, ice cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.
- No. 19. **FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also table of distances by water to foreign ports, back fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published.
- No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.
- No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.
- No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.
- No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.
- No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."
- No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.

Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.



# THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76.

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution

By HARRY MOORE.

These stories are based on actual facts and give a faithful account of the exciting adventures of a brave band of American youths who were always ready and willing to imperil their lives for the sake of helping along the gallant cause of Independence. Every number will consist of 32 large pages of reading matter bound in a beautiful colored cover.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 The Liberty Boys of '76; or, Fighting for Freedom.                         | 38 The Liberty Boys' Plot; or, The Plan That Won.                                |
| 2 The Liberty Boys' Oath; or, Settling With the British and Tories.          | 39 The Liberty Boys' Great Haul; or, Taking Everything in Sight.                 |
| 3 The Liberty Boys' Good Work; or, Helping General Washington.               | 40 The Liberty Boys' Flush Times; or, Reveling in British Gold.                  |
| 4 The Liberty Boys on Hand; or, Always in the Right Place.                   | 41 The Liberty Boys in a Snare; or, Almost Trapped.                              |
| 5 The Liberty Boys' Nerve; or, Not Afraid of the King's Minions.             | 42 The Liberty Boys' Brave Rescue; or, In the Nick of Time.                      |
| 6 The Liberty Boys' Defiance; or, "Catch and Hang Us if You Can."            | 43 The Liberty Boys' Big Day; or, Doing Business by Wholesale.                   |
| 7 The Liberty Boys in Demand; or, The Champion Spies of the Revolution.      | 44 The Liberty Boys' Net; or, Catching the Redcoats and Tories.                  |
| 8 The Liberty Boys' Hard Fight; or, Beset by British and Tories.             | 45 The Liberty Boys' Worried; or, The Disappearance of Dick Slater.              |
| 9 The Liberty Boys to the Rescue; or, A Host Within Themselves.              | 46 The Liberty Boys' Iron Grip; or, Squeezing the Redcoats.                      |
| 10 The Liberty Boys' Narrow Escape; or, A Neck-and-Neck Race With Death.     | 47 The Liberty Boys' Success; or, Doing What They Set Out to Do.                 |
| 11 The Liberty Boys' Pluck; or, Undaunted by Odds.                           | 48 The Liberty Boys' Setback; or, Defeated, But Not Disgraced.                   |
| 12 The Liberty Boys' Peril; or, Threatened from all Sides.                   | 49 The Liberty Boys in Toryville; or, Dick Slater's Fearful Risk.                |
| 13 The Liberty Boys' Luck; or, Fortune Favors the Brave.                     | 50 The Liberty Boys Aroused; or, Striking Strong Blows for Liberty.              |
| 14 The Liberty Boys' Ruse; or, Fooling the British.                          | 51 The Liberty Boys' Triumph; or, Beating the Redcoats at Their Own Game.        |
| 15 The Liberty Boys' Trap, and What They Caught in It.                       | 52 The Liberty Boys' Scare; or, A Miss as Good as a Mile.                        |
| 16 The Liberty Boys' Puzzled; or, The Tories' Clever Scheme.                 | 53 The Liberty Boys' Danger; or, Foes on All Sides.                              |
| 17 The Liberty Boys' Great Stroke; or, Capturing a British Man-of-War.       | 54 The Liberty Boys' Flight; or, A Very Narrow Escape.                           |
| 18 The Liberty Boys' Challenge; or, Patriots vs. Redcoats.                   | 55 The Liberty Boys' Strategy; or, Out-Generaling the Enemy.                     |
| 19 The Liberty Boys' Trapped; or, The Beautiful Tory.                        | 56 The Liberty Boys' Warm Work; or, Showing the Redcoats How to Fight.           |
| 20 The Liberty Boys' Mistake; or, "What Might Have Been."                    | 57 The Liberty Boys' "Push"; or, Bound to Get There.                             |
| 21 The Liberty Boys' Fine Work; or, Doing Things Up Brown.                   | 58 The Liberty Boys' Desperate Charge; or, With "Mad Anthony" at Stony Point.    |
| 22 The Liberty Boys at Bay; or, The Closest Call of All.                     | 59 The Liberty Boys' Justice. And How They Dealt It Out.                         |
| 23 The Liberty Boys on Their Mettle; or, Making It Warm for the Redcoats.    | 60 The Liberty Boys Bombarded; or, A Very Warm Time.                             |
| 24 The Liberty Boys' Double Victory; or, Downing the Redcoats and Tories.    | 61 The Liberty Boys' Sealed Orders; or, Going it Blind.                          |
| 25 The Liberty Boys Suspected; or, Taken for British Spies.                  | 62 The Liberty Boys' Daring Stroke; or, With "Light-Horse Harry" at Paulus Hook. |
| 26 The Liberty Boys' Clever Trick; or, Teaching the Redcoats a Thing or Two. | 63 The Liberty Boys' Lively Times; or, Here, There and Everywhere.               |
| 27 The Liberty Boys' Good Spy Work; or, With the Redcoats in Philadelphia.   | 64 The Liberty Boys' "Lone Hand"; or, Fighting Against Great Odds.               |
| 28 The Liberty Boys' Battle Cry; or, With Washington at the Brandywine.      | 65 The Liberty Boys' Mascot; or, The Idol of the Company.                        |
| 29 The Liberty Boys' Wild Ride; or, A Dash to Save a Fort.                   | 66 The Liberty Boys' Wrath; or, Going for the Redcoats Roughshod.                |
| 30 The Liberty Boys in a Fix; or, Threatened by Reds and Whites.             | 67 The Liberty Boys' Battle for Life; or, The Hardest Struggle of All.           |
| 31 The Liberty Boys' Big Contract; or, Holding Arnold in Check.              | 68 The Liberty Boys' Lost; or, The Trap That Did Not Work.                       |
| 32 The Liberty Boys Shadowed; or, After Dick Slater for Revenge.             | 69 The Liberty Boys' "Jonah"; or, The Youth Who "Queered" Everything.            |
| 33 The Liberty Boys Duped; or, The Friend Who Was an Enemy.                  | 70 The Liberty Boys' Decoy; or, Baiting the British.                             |
| 34 The Liberty Boys' Fake Surrender; or, The Ruse That Succeeded.            | 71 The Liberty Boys Lured; or, The Snare the Enemy Set.                          |
| 35 The Liberty Boys' Signal; or, "At the Clang of the Bell."                 | 72 The Liberty Boys' Ransom; or, In the Hands of the Tory Outlaws.               |
| 36 The Liberty Boys' Daring Work; or, Risking Life for Liberty's Cause.      | 73 The Liberty Boys as Sleuth-Hounds; or, Trailing Benedict Arnold.              |
| 37 The Liberty Boys' Prize, and How They Won It.                             | 74 The Liberty Boys' "Swoop"; or, Scattering the Redcoats Like Chaff.            |

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, by  
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,** 24 Union Square, New York

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

1901.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

.... copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....

.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK " .....

.... " " SECRET SERVICE " .....

.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....

.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....